THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIII. No. 1733 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — APRIL 8, 1933

TAKE NO RISKS
—TAKE
GENASPRIN
THE SAFE BRAND
for
HEADACHES, COLDS & NERVE PAINS

COINTREAU
Extra Dry for England
THE MERIT OF A COCKTAIL IS DISTINCTION. A DASH OF THIS LIQUEUR GIVES IT.

Gleneagles hotel is now open
Express Services from Euston Station (London) and the principal Provincial Towns served by the L.M.S.

BOLS
LIQUEURS
KÜMMEL—always with your coffee.
CURAÇAO—an after-lunch liqueur.
CREME DE MENTHE—as an aid to digestion.
CHERRY BRANDY—warming, when motoring or before the afternoon round.
MARASCHINO—always on your grape-fruit and, of course, for fruit salad.
& V. O. GENEVA—one glass a day of this fine Hollands for your health's sake.
Founded in Amsterdam 1575

McCallum's IS BETTER

"ARETHUSA" BOYS MAKE THE FINEST SAILORS IN THE WORLD
THE NEW "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
£20,000 STILL URGENTLY NEEDED
For necessary cost of purchase, alterations, equipment, new shore frontage, etc.
The old "Arethusa" Training Ship has been condemned by the Admiralty as worn out and unfit for further service. 10,000 boys have been sent to the Royal Navy and Merchant Service.
PLEASE HELP
THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C. 2

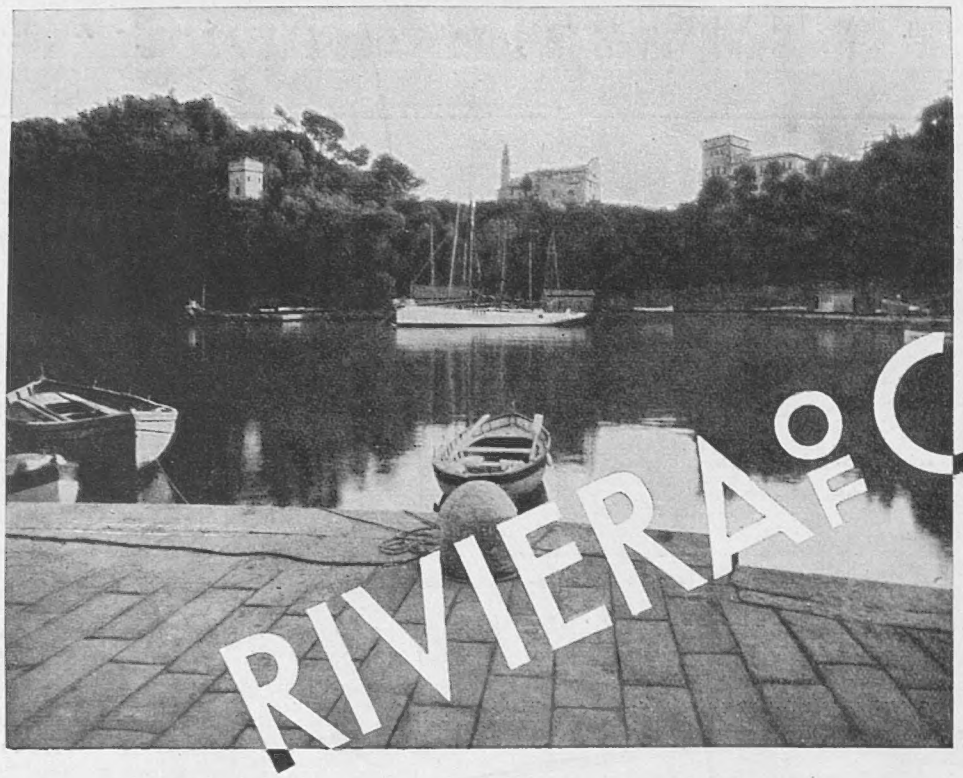
SILVERDALE'S TRITURATED TEA
LIFE SEEMS BRIGHTER AFTER A CUP OF SILVERDALE TEA
From your Leading Grocer, or particulars:—
SILVERDALE, 1, Paul St., Finsbury, E.C. 2

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

A NEW RIVIERA—THE RIVIERA OF GENOA

Genoa—Nervi—Pegli—Rapallo—Santa Margherita—Portofino —Arenzano — Sestri Levante — Chiavari — Lavagna — Zoagli

Those smart people who are alert to the joys of travel have discovered a new Riviera!—the Riviera of Genoa. Its historic Old-World towns: **Santa Margherita, Nervi . . .** (to mention but a few) have been famed centuries for their picturesque beauty, and now they are becoming known among discerning travellers for their modern hotels (so comfortable and so reasonable!) You'll hear about that perfect beach at **Portofino . . .** the new nine-hole golf links at **Rapallo . . .**



The Riviera of Genoa is easy to reach — inquire to-day about the special railway facilities, 50 % "Genoese June" fare reduction, hotel accommodations, etc.

For all information apply to:

ASSOCIAZIONE PER LO SVILUPPO DEL TURISMO LIGURE
4 VIA GARIBALDI GENOA ★ ITALY

And to leading Tourist Agencies

Among the finer things of life

Superb craftsmanship working on exquisite Virginia leaf has produced in Player's No. 3 a cigarette which satisfies the most exacting smoker.

10 *for* 8p
20 *for* 1/4
50 *for* 3/3
100 *for* 6/4
WITH OR WITHOUT CORK TIPS

PLAYER'S No. 3
Virginia Cigarettes

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. 3.P.12.C.

A NEW PICTORIAL RECORD OF

GILBERT & SULLIVAN OPERAS

The following Operas are portrayed in the work — 32 pages of NEW pictures:

THE GONDOLIERS
RUDDIGORE
IOLANTHE
THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE
THE MIKADO
PRINCESS IDA
H.M.S. PINAFORE
PATIENCE
THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD
TRIAL BY JURY
COX AND BOX
THE SORCERER

A Remarkable Shillingsworth

YOU MUST GET IT

To order from your Newsagent, or

BY POST

1/3

1/- for Book,
3d. for Packing & Post

PRICE ONE SHILLING

Produced entirely in Photogravure, and published by The Sphere, 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2, this pictorial record contains over seventy photographs of scenes in the various Operas. Order your copy now—the edition is limited.

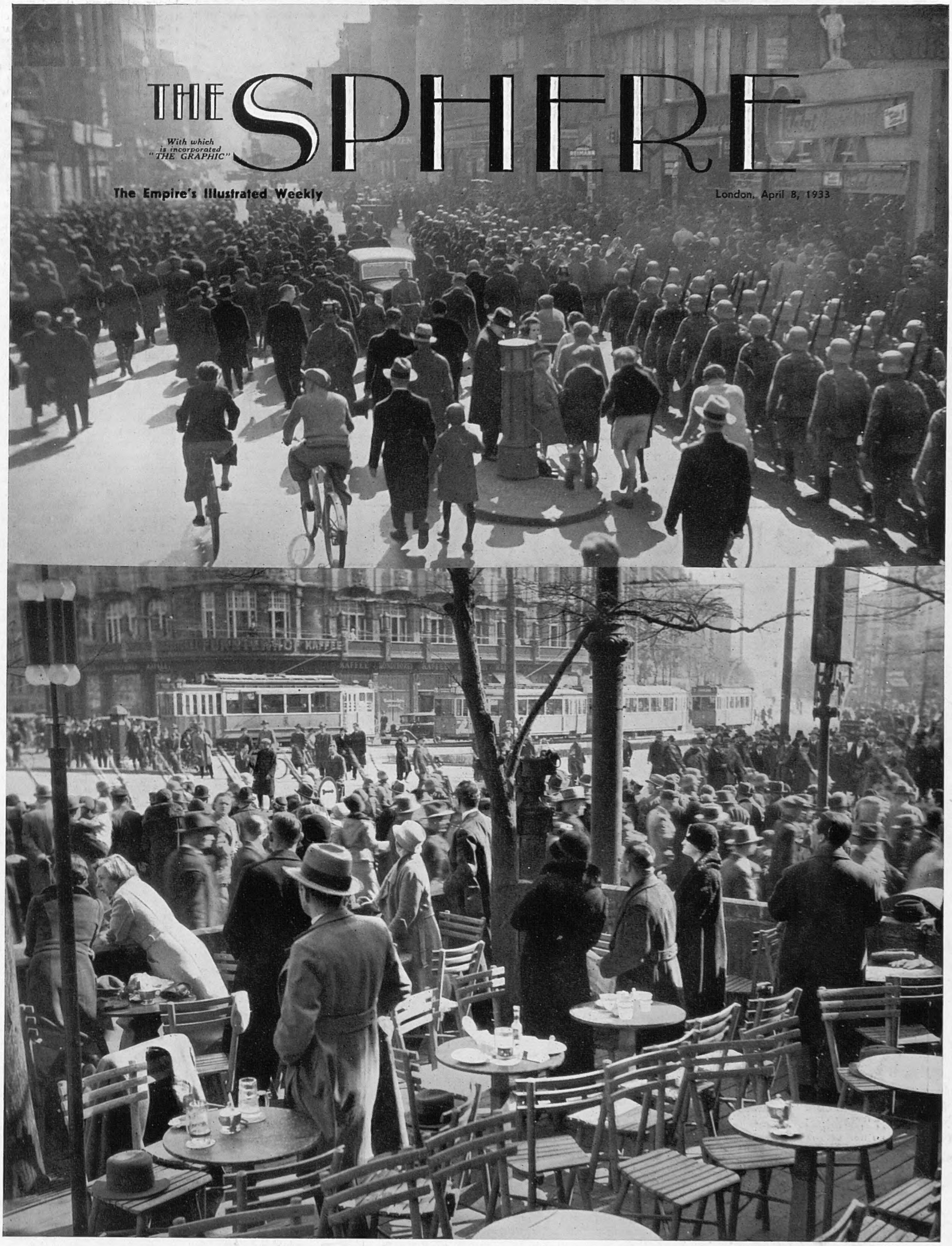
Volume CXXXIII No. 1733

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, April 8, 1933



BERLIN UNDER THE NEW REGIME

Crowds in the German Capital Stand as a Mark of Respect Towards the Armed Forces of Order

Berlin is certainly a city that is making rapid history, and during the short period that Chancellor Hitler and his Nazi colleagues have been in office no time has been lost in restoring order after the turbulent days preceding the election. The two pictures shown on this page, which a correspondent of "The Sphere" has just brought from Berlin, illustrate the respect shown by the populace towards the new regime. In the Leipzigerstrasse crowds are seen following a detachment of troops, and in the Potsdamer-Platz (below) our correspondent saw people standing near the restaurant tables from which they had risen to acknowledge the forces which are exerting the new Chancellor's authority. Except for the Jewish boycott of last Saturday, which aroused feeling to fever pitch, order in Berlin's streets is more nearly established than it has been for many a day. Even Germans, whose political opinions do not coincide with those of the present Government, and who once had the temerity to express their views openly, are perceiving the wisdom of discretion, and for the most part are confining their defiance to their own thoughts

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

OXFORD MAKE A GALLANT BID FOR VICTORY: The scene at Mortlake as Cambridge passed the winning post to win their tenth successive boat race victory—a record number of unbroken successes. Oxford put up a wonderful performance and, although beaten by 2¼ lengths, kept the Light Blues at racing pace right up to the finish

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, April 5, 1933.

LORD CHELMSFORD.—Lord Chelmsford was one of those public servants whose reputation will grow rather than diminish with time's calm and impartial judgment. His services to his country both as Viceroy and as citizen have hitherto been underrated. As Viceroy he was concerned as a pioneer in reforms whose justice and wisdom have been strenuously disputed; to-day they have received something like general endorsement. As a *fait accompli*, at any rate, his policy is unanimously endorsed if not unanimously approved. It is now acknowledged that this "unknown" man was faced in India with difficulties as great as any great Viceroy ever faced, and his reputation emerged unsullied and enhanced. When he relinquished this highest office he showed a rare patriotism and an utter lack of false pride. He accepted office in the Labour Government because he realized that a man of his type was needed, a non-party man of administrative experience. And afterwards he cheerfully assumed lesser rôles which many Viceroys would have regarded as derogatory to their dignity. Lord Chelmsford was indeed a conscientious, patriotic, unassuming public servant, the best type of English gentleman and citizen. He was a man of fine and dignified presence, a good scholar, a good sportsman, and a good example in public and private life. As Warden of All Souls', he had reached the ideal aftermath to a career such as his and for a man such as he.

VISCOUNT CHELMSFORD, a former Viceroy of India and part author of the Montagu - Chelmsford reforms, who died suddenly last Saturday at the age of sixty-four

THE END OF A PERFECT YEAR.—The end of the financial year 1932-3 was anticipated by every budgeteer, large and small, with dread. The figures in no case were expected to show "Result — happiness!" Mr. Chamberlain's last effort shows a little deficit of thirty-two million sterling! This "error in calculation" is waved aside as merely nominal. Statesmen have weak memories. One of them once "forgot Goschen," Mr. Chamberlain "forgot Hoover." The deficit is therefore nominal. After all, what's in a name? All the same, this rose, by whatever name it goes, has got to be paid for, and there is another bud due to burgeon about June, when roses run riot. I was rather snubbed for prophesying a largish deficit on income-tax receipts, though how anybody could have imagined that these would fall short by less than fifteen millions I do not know. Customs receipts, as generally anticipated, fell short by twelve millions. Economies in supply services amounted to ten millions only. This surprise packet was on the breakfast table on April Fool's Day. But it is no joke. And another budget is due this month.

JEWRY SHOWS THE WAY.—"How odd of God to choose the Jews," wrote a master of that brevity which is often the soul of wit and oftener still of half truth. The more one studies the history of the Jewish race, the more he is confirmed of the soundness of that choice. For if there is one race fit to experiment in the modern conception of civilization, it is the Jewish. Judaism is alone fit for the new world of social and political ideals, feebly pushing through the dry and acrid soil of this worn-out earth, because it alone has in a measure materialized those ideals through centuries of persecution, insult, hardship, and disappointment. Compared with the Jews, the other ancient races of the old world appear to-day like savages in respect to political thought. Here is a race, scattered beneath the flags of a score of nations, yet absolutely distinct, efficiently organized, perfectly controlled, whole-heartedly united, intensely patriotic, a race which is indeed the perfect model of a League of Nations; that is, divided by boundaries and languages but united in a common ideal and by its genius and industry in possession of powerful sanctions to enforce those ideals, and better still in possession of the will and the organization to enforce those sanctions, instantly and uncompromisingly. In utter humility the League of Nations should pray to be admitted for a course of primary instruction at the feet of the Rabbis. I can think of no event more significant in the dreary record of compromise, mistrust, and failure of our post-War diplomacy than this swift intervention by Judaism in a stupid campaign of tyranny and injustice against a race entitled beyond all others to be described as cultured, peace-loving, and useful.

A TRIAL WORTH WATCHING.—In a single week it has accomplished what our pathetic efforts at international co-operation in all its lamentable and short-lived phases has not succeeded in doing. It has organized a world-wide and united front against a gross act of savagery by a civilized nation. Before the dignified measures of Judaism, Germany stands revealed as a mud-daubed savage, Goering as a bully whining at an unexpected resistance, and Hitler as that tragic and well-known character in the historical drama, the demagogue with those dramatic qualities which enable him to rise to power, but lacking the character, strength, and genius to control the elements he has fired. In the past week the Jews have lit a candle which we should pray may illumine the darkness of our "dark-ages civilization" and penetrate even the fog that hangs over the lake of Geneva. If there is ever to emerge from our half-hearted experiments a League of Nations to take the place of war, it must take Judaism as its model, and no longer ignore the hard truths which Judaism has absorbed. Unity does not depend on a common blood or a common flag. If it were so, nations like our own or the German would to-day be united nations, facing up to solve their individual problems. If it were so, the Jews, scattered over the world's face, could not so startlingly reveal, not the means only, but the will to combine against oppression. What makes for unity is an ideal, the ideal of liberty and justice, and a quality, unknown in the sphere of our international politics, called unselfishness, the willingness to make heavy sacrifices for a common cause. And what makes such unity of purpose effective is that willingness to make sacrifices shaped to a point by discipline. Then alone is organization made possible and even easy. There have been many "draft conventions." But no statesman has yet modelled his creation on the Jewish skeleton. Everyone has pinned his faith on formulæ and juggled with words and phrases. Judaism has reached beyond the stage of formulæ to the stage of action. And now at last we have an opportunity to observe if the new diplomacy is sounder than the old. For myself, I back the Jews in their stand against Prussianism.

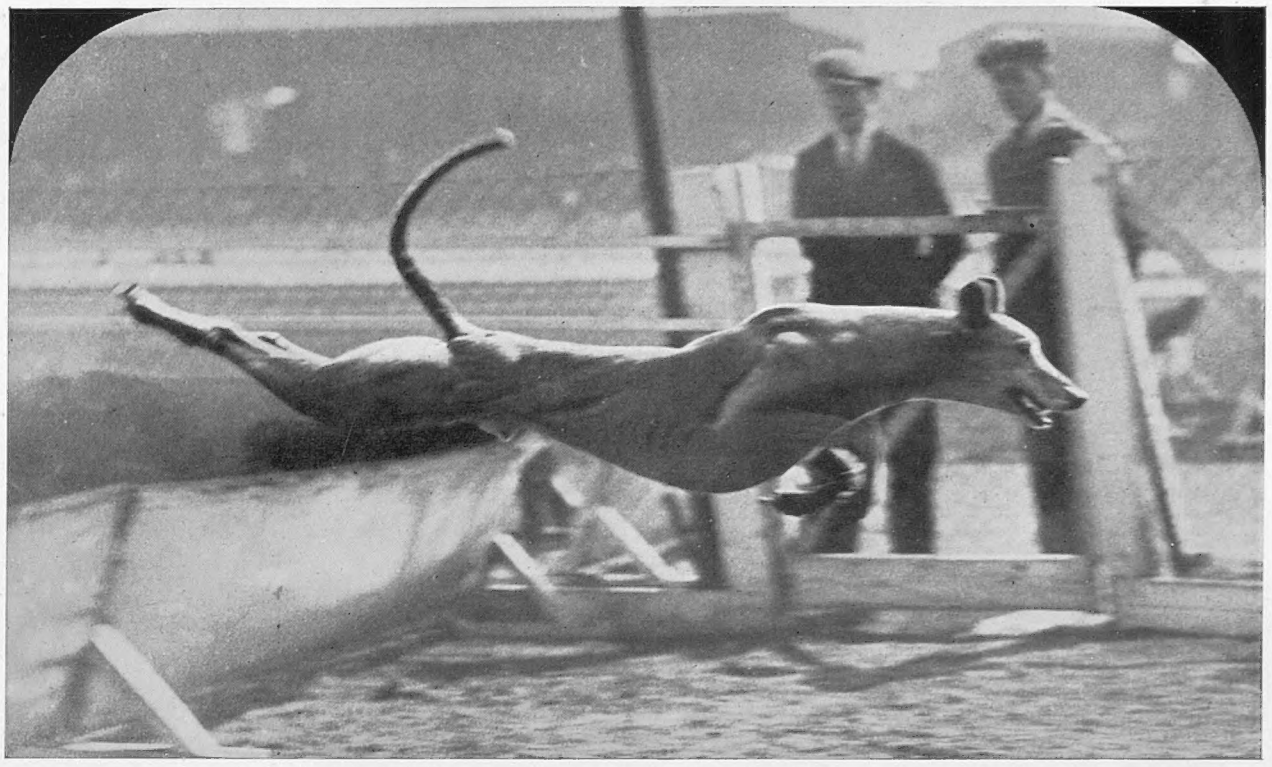
A TREMENDOUS EVENT.—The most ardent Indian nationalist cannot complain that England and the Mother of Parliaments have treated lightly the problem of India's new Constitution. An immense amount of Parliamentary time and an astounding proportion of newspaper space have of late been devoted to a question which has been widely admitted to be one of

DRESSED FOR ACTION ON THE COURTS: During the lawn tennis semi-finals at Hampstead, Miss M. Heeley (right), who is considered Britain's No. 1 woman player with Miss F. James, who defeated her 2-6, 6-2, 6-4 in the semi-finals of the women's singles

"the tremendous events of history." The proposals of the White Paper are now established firmly as the skeleton on which India's future Constitution must be based. The structure is there, the details remain to be modified. And those who oppose root and branch, and that far larger proportion who approve in principle, have this in common, that they recognize there is no going back possible. "To veer how vain!" The mischief, if mischief there was, was done by Mr. Montagu, and cannot be undone. Only one thing can now leave that steel framework to rust, like a new Peace Palace, unclothed with bricks—that is, the refusal of the bulk of the Native States to enter the Federation. If that proportion fall short, there can be no progress with the grant of responsibility at the centre, and the remaining avenue of provincial autonomy must be dark and doubtful. So long as the safeguards, which in the hands of supermen are doubtless real and effective, remain undiluted, it may be that the tremendous experiment of giving to a small minority of an Empire, composed of 350,000,000 of uneducated and quarrelsome peoples of diverse races and creeds, what it believes it wants, may go forward without disaster some further stages. To that extent man may lean his weight on the back of slow-moving Father Time.

THE WAY OF AN EAGLE.

—The motto of the airmen is excelsior! Triumph follows instantly on disaster. Our tears for the *City of Liverpool* were turned to joy for the Houston Expedition, and we weep again for the Great American Airship. The Conquest of Everest seems so simple now—just like a short routine flight. Its very "simplicity" is proof positive of the intense preparation which preceded that trial flight. For such it was supposed to be. But the conditions were favourable and the crews "all dressed up"; and they went for it. In three hours they were back again, the job done and, as we shall soon learn, well done. Lady Houston's stalwarts have seen what no human eye yet saw. In a month or so the whole world may share their secret and their wonderful experience, from an armchair on terra firma. And now to give Everest a knock-out from below.



A GREYHOUND WITH A FUTURE: A striking action picture of Dainty Dick clearing an obstacle at Harringay track during an all-hurdle event trial. The dog has recently been brought to London from Birmingham, where it has recorded some fast times on the local track. As a record of all-out muscular action the picture is probably unique

RANJI.

England lost a great Lord Chancellor through Ranji's wizardry at cricket. My very moderate success as a law student was achieved with the minimum expenditure of time and labour. Multiply that success by the sum of summer hours snatched in truancy at Lord's or the Oval when Ranji was due to bat—and the result is a woolsack! His reputation was already made, his greatness achieved, when I first "found time" to follow him. I can see him now, as once again I saw him after a long time when his nephew and spiritual heir first played at Lord's. I think the sun shone brighter in those days and the grass was greener and smelled sweeter. One remembered him by those supple ebony wrists, the blacker for the ivory-silk shirt-sleeves that half hid them. He was like a panther for suppleness and his leg-glance was, like faith, the evidence of things not seen. A fast ball on the middle stump, a flicker of a black wrist, and short leg ambling to the leg boundary to receive the ball back. Yes, it was like faith, the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. He was, I suppose, the greatest "draw" for the crowds in his day after Jessop. His book on cricket was the surest way to a boy's heart. He crowded his triumph into the first half of his cricket career. His end as a cricketer was bathos. But in the lesser sphere of political and sovereign responsibilities his reputation increased with the years.

BEFRILLED FOR A WEDDING: The bridesmaids, exponents of the feminine trend in fashions, enjoy a cigarette after attending Miss Margery Oddy at her marriage to Mr. W. Atkinson last week. The ceremony took place at St. Peter's Church, Harrogate

MACDONALD OF THE ISLES.—

The death of Sir Alexander Bosvile Macdonald revives the memory of a genealogical romance. When Sir Alexander Bosvile (of the family, I believe, to which James Boswell was related) put in his claim to the ancient Baronetcy of Macdonald and the Chieftainship of Sleat, there was revealed a romance of the peerage as intricate and exciting as any. It involved a family arrangement between two brothers, generations earlier, whereby the family honours were light-heartedly transferred; and a dozen other curious family transactions lost in the past and buried in the dust of muniment rooms were brought to light. These Baronets of Sleat were lineal descendants of the old Lords of the Isles, and the title was created for Donald of Sleat in 1625, with a special clause of precedency which placed it second of the order of baronets in Scotland. The 8th Baronet was James, "the Scottish Marcellus." He died in 1766, and was succeeded by his brother Alexander as 9th Baronet. He it was who was created Baron Macdonald in the peerage of Ireland. The late baronet inherited lands in Yorkshire, where he carried on a great deal of useful county work, and the success of his claim did not affect the lands in Skye. The old family seat at Sleat in Skye remains still in the ownership of Lord Macdonald.

DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLK.—

In the ideal state, when it comes, there will be no senseless waste of money in "keeping up appearances." The available wealth of the nation will be employed not in keeping up class barriers and marking purely ornamental distinctions between class and class, but solely for the health, education, and well-being generally of the nation as a whole, which will be "upper class" or "lower class" according to the efficiency of Governments. But the ideal State is not yet signalled. And meanwhile none of us (not even the bitterest opponent of the "bad old days") can shuffle out of his responsibility for the tragedies of the old civilization which we seek to replace. And among these tragedies, which are innumerable, I put in a word for the "distressed gentlefolk." In my mind their plight may well reach the high-water mark of tragedy. You will recognize the type. The clergyman's widow bedridden and living solely on the Old Age Pension, the daughter of a landowner with an income of £45 a year, the doctor's widow who for years has been denied the use of her eyes because she could not afford to adjust her spectacles to her failing sight. For these people, the widows and children of hard-worked public servants perhaps, the State has not hitherto planned and provided. They have "known better days," and thereby the tragedy of want is for them intensified to torture. Such institutions as the Guild of Aid for Gentlepeople ask no more than the wherewithal to keep these poor people from death from cold and hunger, to raise them at least to equality of opportunity with the destitute of the lowest class. The Guild's address is 83, Cambridge Street, Warwick Square, S.W.1. It is in *urgent* need of funds.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—

The report of General Motors indicated that the production of cars in the States during 1932 was *three-quarters less* in 1929. A Board of Trade analysis of film exhibitors' figures showed that in the year to September, 1932, the 10 per cent. quota of British films was exceeded by 150 per cent., working out at 25 per cent. of exhibits. President Roosevelt stated recently that he "expected America's debtors to pay up promptly on June 15." It does not appear that his Treasury or the rest of the world share his optimism, which, having regard to the December decisions of one or two of those debtors, does indeed appear to be optimism on an imperial scale. Perhaps he employed the bluff tremendous to enhance the value of the War Debt question as a counter for economic bargaining. Meanwhile the Fairbanks, voicing the opinion of Los Angeles, refused a free passage on a French liner on the ground that they could not accept favours from a nation which had failed to pay its debts to America. It looks, therefore, as if Los Angeles in particular and America in general were flirting once more with the doubtful experiment of splendid isolation—America for the Americans. But the world slump does not appear to have affected our car production figures to the same extent as America's.

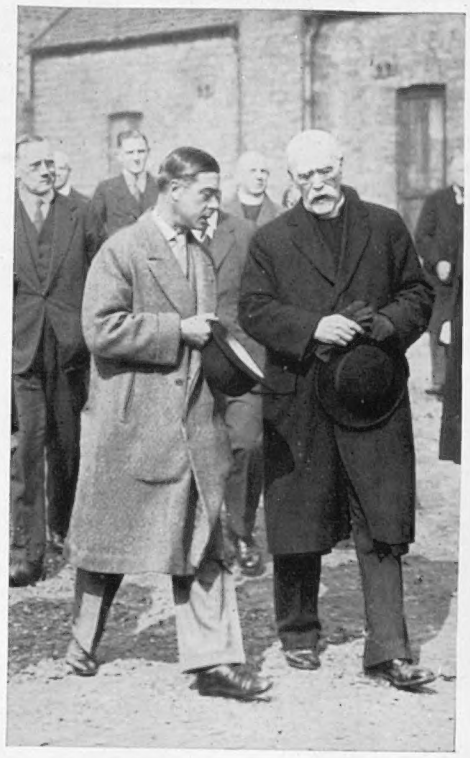
THE MAHARAJA OF NAWANAGAR, better known to the world as Ranjitsinhji the cricketer, whose death was announced at Jamnagar, last week, at the age of sixty

THE OLD STAGER

THE PRINCE IN SCOTLAND

ROYAL SYMPATHY FOR CLYDESIDE'S UNEMPLOYED: The Prince of Wales with Lord Provost Swan of Glasgow (right) chatting with men on their allotments during his recent tour of industrial Scotland. The Prince investigated the response to his appeal for social service among the unemployed. *Left*—The Prince chats with Mrs. Clamp, who is wearing her son's V.C., during his visit to Motherwell Juvenile Instructional Centre

IN LANARK AND FIFE: Arriving at St. Roch's Unemployed Club, Garngad, with the Rev. Edward Lawton. *Left*—The Prince at the Burntisland shipyard

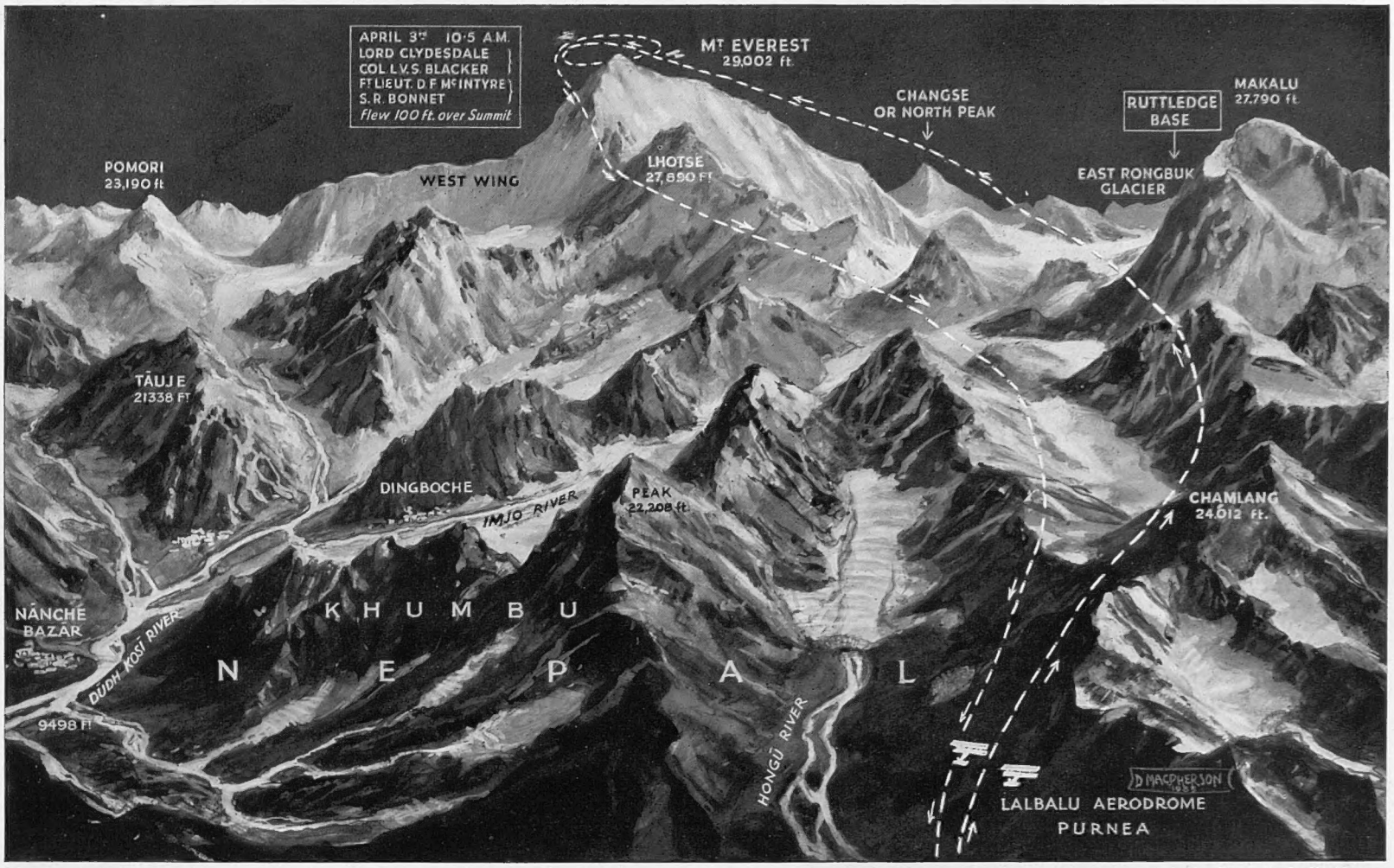


THE ROYAL VISITOR leaves the Church of Scotland Social Work Instructional Club, where he met and talked with many members of the unemployed

AT BELLSHILL EX-SERVICE MEN'S CLUB: Another scene during the Prince's three days' tour of inspection of social service centres. The itinerary was so arranged that he might see every phase of the varied work that is being done in the distressed areas. On the first day he visited Glasgow and Clydebank, on the second the Lanarkshire coalfield and Dunfermline, and on the third Fifeshire and Dundee

IN INDUSTRIAL MOTHERWELL: The Prince talks to Private Preston, a disabled soldier. At the conclusion of the tour he broadcast an appeal for even greater voluntary effort

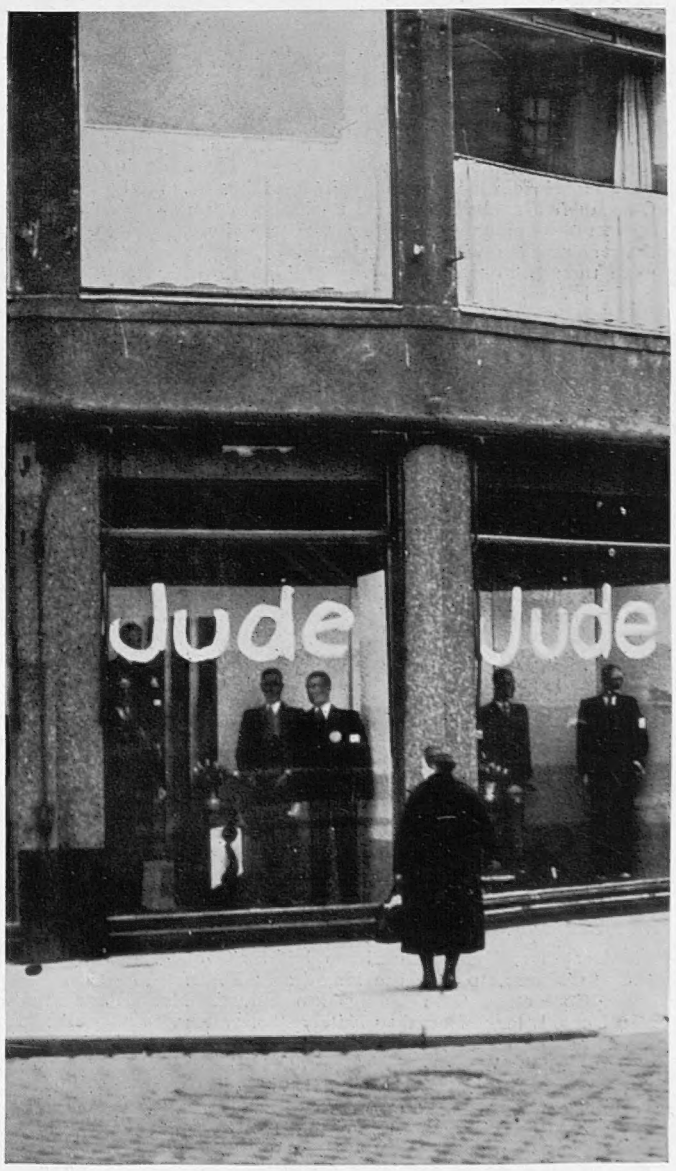
EVEREST CONQUERED: JEWRY ATTACKED



Drawn by D. Macpherson

THE FIRST AERIAL FLIGHT OVER EVEREST WHICH TOOK PLACE ON MONDAY, APRIL 3: The Houston-Everest Expedition made a successful flight over Everest on Monday, taking off from Lalbalu Aerodrome at 8.25 a.m. All detail was at first obscured by a dusty haze, and it was not until the 'planes were approaching the vicinity of Chamlang Peak that the wonderful panorama began to open up in all its majesty. The above bird's-eye diagram, the first to be made of this southern area has been drawn from the Nepal survey sheets, the existence of which is not generally known. It shows the approximate track of the two 'planes over Chamlang, past Makalu, which was visible in all its snowy splendour, towards the summit of Everest; a downward blast was experienced during this part of the flight. The summit was just cleared by 100 ft. After fifteen minutes' circling the 'planes returned without mishap to Lalbalu

GERMANY'S ONE DAY BOYCOTT OF THE JEWS: German women reading the notices on the window of a store in Berlin requesting them to defend themselves against (alleged) Semitic atrocity propaganda, and to buy only at German-owned stores. Practically every Jewish shop in Berlin was closed



JEWS, JEWS, JEWS! Notices inscribed on the windows of the Heitlinge store in Berlin, a Jewish organization, during the one day boycott in which the German Government carried out its policy of anti-Semiticism amid protests from the whole civilized world

ONE MONTH of HISTORY: By ALAN BOTT

o o o A Survey of Current Events During March, 1933

Real history was made in two countries during March, 1933—history that will be read, pencil-marked, and laboriously digested when we who watched it are forgotten. The Constitution of Republican Germany was abolished, in fact if not in name, by a Fascist revolution; and financial breakdown in the United States obliged a new President to take, from a Congress impotent to ward off disaster, the powers of a semi-dictator.

It is also the month in which the European Powers first talked openly of revising the Peace Treaties, because new war-clouds were looming.

HITLER CONQUERS GERMANY.—The burning of the German Reichstag, in the last days of February, set all Germany ablaze with revolutionary violence. It may never be known whether, as stated by the Nazis, it was a signal for a Communist plot, or whether it was a well-staged incident to further the Fascist cause in the general election due a week later.

The Nazi-Nationalist minority government promptly arrested all the Communist and some Socialist deputies, suppressed Communist and Socialist newspapers, announced a "State of Emergency," and supplemented the police with Nazi Storm Troops and Nationalist Steel Helmeters, who were given full powers of arrest, detention, and confiscation.

Adolf Hitler's dramatic leanings were manifest by his choice of the Garrison Church at Potsdam, with its memories of Frederick the Great and Imperial Wilhelm of 1914, as a venue for the new Reichstag. Prussian Guards goose-stepped across the famous parade ground. Snipers with carbines watched for disorder from the roof tops. No Communist Deputies were present—they were all in gaol, or exiles.

The Reichstag passed an Enabling Bill giving Hitler powers of dictatorship for four years, and thereupon dissolved itself. The Nazi swastika and the restored black-white-red of the former Imperial regime flew together on all public buildings. The post-War Constitution of Weimar disappeared with the Republican flag.

JUDEA AGAINST GERMANY.—There remained the urgent problem of deeds to supplant passionate words. Seven million unemployed, many of them in Hitler's own Brown Shirt Army, were to be provided for. Germany must be made prosperous. The Versailles Treaty was to be revised. East Prussians were to be joined with their German brothers across the Polish Corridor, that thorn in the flesh of Germany.

The Nazis, because of the smallness of Germany's armed forces, were unable to fulminate against foreign nations. They therefore diverted their simmering violence against the Jews, who were thought to be defenceless. Hitler and other Nazi leaders had written against the Jews. "Judah" was linked with "Marxism" as an enemy of the Hitlerite State to be dealt with in the long-threatened "Night of the Long Knife."

Across the Rhine and into Holland, Denmark, and Switzerland began the age-old exodus of Jews, some in luxury cars, most upon poorly shod feet.

Israel arose, all over the world, to do battle with its strongest weapon—money. Vast meetings of protest were held in Europe and America, economic boycotts of German goods were discussed. In the East End of London, where the Jewish "Parliament" held a meeting behind closed doors (their boycott proposals were kept secret lest worse should befall the Jews in Germany), a London newspaper put on circulation by splashing the placard: "Judea Declares War on Germany."

German bonds and securities, which thus far had suffered hardly at all, fell sharply in Berlin and every other capital.

The Nazis replied to the threat of an economic boycott with a forced boycott of all Jewish shops in Germany, ordered to begin last Saturday. Actually it began days earlier in many towns. This boycott was to have lasted three days, but was reduced to one day only, perhaps under pressure of secret news from New York, where International finance was ready for an assault on German credit.

EUROPEAN MERRY-GO-ROUND. — Europe was in a state of high tension when Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Sir John Simon left for Geneva, early in March, to save the long-drawn Disarmament Conference from fading into failure. Mr. MacDonald lunched and privately "conversed" with M. Daladier, French Premier. A new Anglo-French Entente in face of Hitler was rumoured and denied. Mr. MacDonald, leaving for Geneva, announced under these inauspicious circumstances "I was born an optimist."

At a full meeting of the Disarmament Conference the Premier made an impassioned speech for agreement, and produced his British Plan for five years of disarmament. Chief points:

Germany, France, Italy, and Poland to have home armies of 200,000, with additions in the case of France for colonies.

War aeroplanes owned by Britain, France, Italy, Japan, Russia, and U.S.A. to be reduced to 500. No bombing from the air.

Mobile land guns to be limited in calibre to 4·5 in. (105 mm.). Existing guns up to 155 mm. to be retained.

No tanks heavier than 16 tons to be employed.

No chemical, bacterial, or incendiary warfare.

Naval holiday for all capital ship construction until 1936.

Mr. MacDonald emphasized that his plan was merely a basis for earnest discussion and probable amendment. It invited criticism, and this it received in quantity. It would "strengthen Britain's relative position"; it offered "no solution for civil aircraft convertible into war machines"; and the Germans fervently objected because they would be "hemmed in by a ring of forces." The French home army would be equal to her own, but what of France's allies?—Poland 200,000, Czechoslovakia 100,000, Jugoslavia 100,000, Belgium 60,000, Roumania 150,000?

ROME EXPRESS.—Mr. MacDonald, after making private contact from Geneva with Signor Mussolini, dashed off to Rome. The journey was dramatized by his flight down the coast from Genoa, with General Balbo, Italian Air Minister, as his air pilot.

Signor Mussolini came forward, behind closed doors, as author of a Four-Power Pact between Britain, France, Italy, and Germany. This the British Premier discussed and blessed in its general principles.

The month ended with Germany supporting the Mussolini pact in principle, and with Paris as an arena for amendment or rejection. Little Entente Ministers hurriedly went to Paris to promote rejection.

THE RETURN OF ODYSSEUS. — The Mussolini-MacDonald endeavour was treated with benevolence by *The Times* and other Press supporters of the National Government. It was roughly handled by the Beaverbrook Press, as always happens when Mr. MacDonald ventures abroad. Streamer headline: "Where is my Wandering Boy To-night?" A Strube cartoon showed the itinerant Premier as a shy girl singing to Cabinet aunts and uncles. "Maud, Maud, Maud, the girl who has studied abroad, She plays the piano and warbles soprano, Her relations stand by and applaud."

The day came when the Prime Minister faced the Commons to give an account of what his "universal citizenship" had prepared. Concerning Signor Mussolini, he stated that on arrival in Rome a short document was handed to him which "showed that Signor Mussolini's mind had been running on an effective policy of collaboration between the Four Western Powers to maintain peace in the spirit of the Kellogg Pact and of the No Force Pact which had been contemplated by the Five Power Conference as return for Germany getting a declaration in principle of our willingness to have equality of status—a declaration that those Powers should not resort to force to try to solve any of their immediate political difficulties."

Members of the House screwed up their foreheads while trying to divine exactly what this meant, and the *sotto voce* was overheard: "Doosid lucid."

SAYS YOU.—Extract from a newspaper article by Mr. MacDonald in 1927: "Signor Mussolini's . . . foreign policy is conducted in the interest of Italy's imperialism alone, and he thinks neither of League rules nor League machinery. . . . He will embark upon a war to-morrow if it suits his purpose, and snap his fingers. . . . Whatever arrangements are being made by the Powers, he demands his price and his *quid pro quo*. . . . With his weaker neighbours he makes sudden moves of aggression, issues ultimata, and toys with his sword."

LITTLE WILLIE ON INDIA.—Daddy, what was this important debate on India in Parliament?

India is a great Dominion, my boy, and our statesmen are considering whether they should give her self-government, like Ireland.

Like Ireland, Daddy? But isn't Mr. de Valera ——

Well, not quite like Ireland. But India is the jewel in the crown of Empire, and we must give it a new setting.

And have they decided to give India self-government, Daddy?

They are still discussing it, my boy. Some Conservative politicians, like Mr. Churchill, say we are going much too far. Others say we are not going far enough. Mr. Baldwin says there are too many old gentlemen with pre-War minds in this post-War world. So they talked about it for three days.

But what did they *do*, Daddy?

They voted by a large majority to set up another joint Select Committee to consider the future of India.

Did it take them three days of discussion to decide that, Daddy?

India is the proudest jewel in the crown of ——

Did the Conservatives vote for India?

Don't be foolish, boy. They voted for the Government.

THE PRINCE "SEES FOR HIMSELF."—The Prince of Wales made an exhaustive three-day tour of distressed industrial areas in Scotland to assist the centres created for helping the unemployed, whose cause has for years been nearest to his heart.

He visited, while in Glasgow and Clydebank, the half-built new Cunarder, which lost employment for thousands when it was laid up. It was rumoured that his influence would be used to find a means of completing the giant liner.

His tour (arranged by the National Council of Social Service and the Scottish Council of Community Service) continued through the Lanarkshire coalfield, Dunfermline, Fifeshire, and Dundee. He went to gymnasiums, recreation halls, allotment centres; entered clubs erected by the unemployed, and self-supported by their own pennies; examined cottages reconditioned by the unemployed and the furniture they had made for themselves; and set a heartening example of sympathy which did much to rouse the apathetic.

AMERICAN MONEY-MAZE.—President Franklin D. Roosevelt, arriving in Washington on March 2 for his coming inauguration, sat in a hotel while his trunks and household goods were moved into the White House. Telegrams and long-distance telephone calls poured in from every State in the Union. "Oregon—Governor declares three-day Bank Holiday" . . . "Idaho—Acting Governor declares fifteen-day Bank Holiday." New York, Illinois, and one or two more were the only States that did not send the same harassed story about the greatest financial crisis in U.S. history, the culmination of years of frenzied finance and unsound banking.

A run on the New York banks began next day. £100,000,000 (at par) had been drawn from the Federal Reserve System in two days, in addition to £148,000,000 during the previous week. Panic spread through the land like the plague. No banking system, rotten or sound, could stand it.

The nation with 4,344,000,000 dollars in gold (2,892,000,000 dollars of it held by the Federal Reserve) watched powerless while its entire banking system disintegrated, State by State. Because some banks were irretrievably lost, the nation made a futile attempt to convert its 42,000,000,000 dollars of bank deposits into currency.

Mr. William H. Woodin, Secretary to the Treasury, announced on March 4: "I think we are on the bottom and can't go lower." And on March 5, the President's Inauguration Day, the banks of New York and Illinois closed, and the climax was reached.

The President, assuming his "State of Emergency" powers, extended the Bank holiday, banned the export of gold and silver, forbade the hoarding of gold or currency, and ordered all hoarders, under heavy penalties, to deposit their gold. The dollar, for most practical purposes, ceased to exist in the markets of the world until the American banks reopened.

TOWARDS A DICTATORSHIP. — Congress met and rushed through the President's Powers of Emergency at a speed incredible for that dilatory body. A Bank Bill, passed within two hours, retained the gold standard, rejected the issue of "token" currency, and authorized the expansion of real currency by some 2,000,000,000 dollars in return for stocks of gold. All banks proved to be sound were to reopen as early as possible, the rest were at the Government's disposition.

The hoarders of gold rushed to return it, rather than be fined twice its value and have their names published. One great bank in New York received £10,000,000 in gold in a single day.

DISASTERS.—Simultaneous with the American banking collapse a sudden earthquake rocked Southern California on March 10, and continued with twenty later tremors during forty-eight hours over an area 200 miles long and 30 miles wide. It killed nearly 200 people, injured over 5,000 others,

(*Cont. on p.* 70)

SPORT of KINGS

A Popular Royal Victory at Newbury

IN THE ROYAL COLOURS: The King's four-year-old Limelight in the unsaddling enclosure at Newbury after scoring a thrilling victory by a head in last Saturday's valuable Spring Cup. The horse is trained at Newmarket by Mr. W. Jarvis, whom the King is seen congratulating, and was ridden by J. Childs, who made a superb last furlong dash on the outside to wrest the race from the favourite, Solenoid

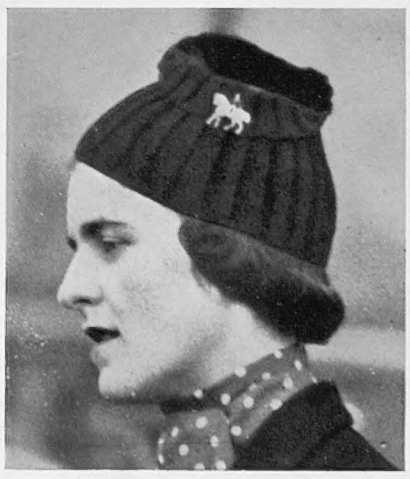
AT THE MIDDLETON POINT-TO-POINT: Left to right—Mrs. D. Green, the Duke of Norfolk, and Lady Katherine Howard seen at the races

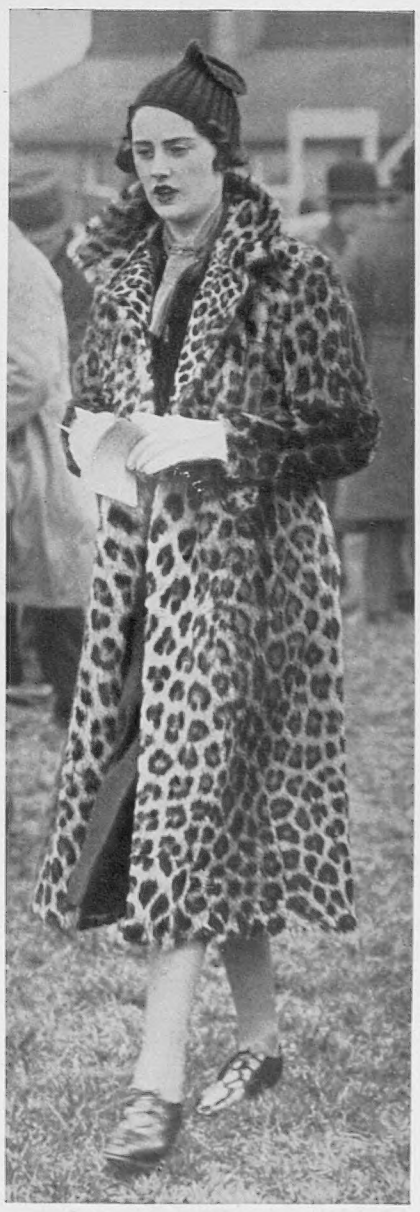
Above—

IN THE SHIRES: Lord Blandford, Lady Patricia Ward, Mrs. C. Mills, Captain Mills, Lady Eileen Clarke, and Lord and Lady Belper in the front row of the stand at the Melton Hunt Steeplechases at Burton Lazars

Left—

Mrs. Pearce, formerly Lady Inverclyde, at Melton Hunt 'Chases





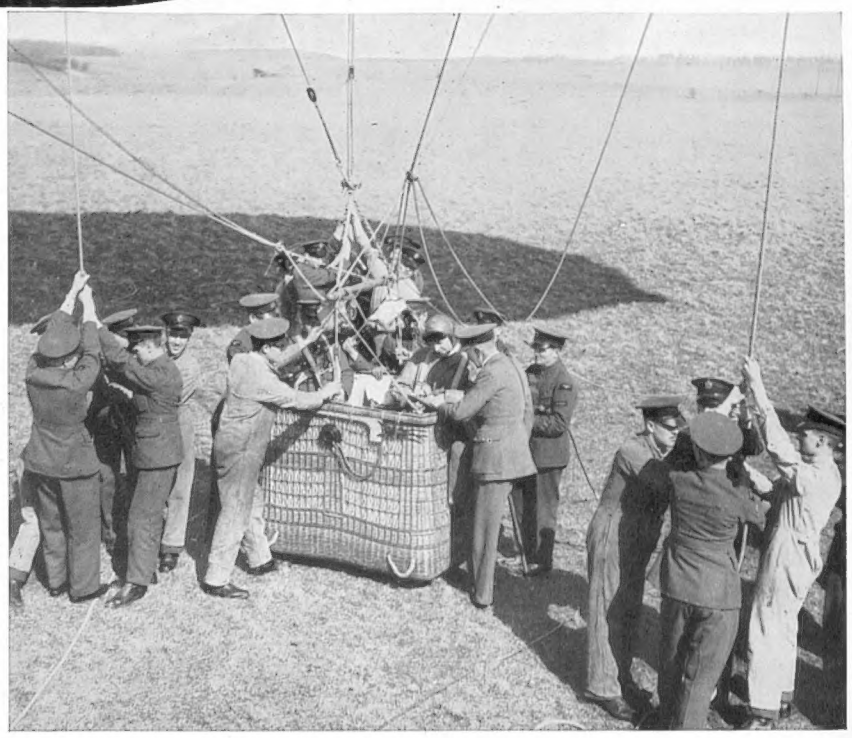
IN THE MODE AT MELTON: Miss Ulrica Thynne disports a leopard skin coat and the latest in stocking hats. *Left*—The Hon. Mrs. Somerset Maxwell wears a stocking hat

R.A.F. BALLOONS

WAR VETERANS USED FOR PEACE-TIME TRAINING

GROTESQUE BUT USEFUL: A Royal Air Force observation balloon at Rollestone Camp, Salisbury, where it is being used for training men to be efficient observers

THE "EYES" OF THE R.A.F.: A balloon about to be released at Rollestone Camp, Salisbury. During the War these strange craft were considered one of the greatest assets of the Royal Flying Corps, and even now they are proving highly useful for instructional purposes



RELICS OF THE WAR YEARS: An officer gives an observer final instructions before going up in a balloon at Rollestone. This famous camp at Salisbury is now the only base in England where these balloons are employed. They present a strange appearance as they float above the plain

THE MITCHAM EXPLOSION

Scenes Near the Wrecked Chemical Factory

AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE WRECKED FACTORY: The scene of desolation created last week by the explosion of a tank of methylated spirits in the distillery of Messrs. W. J. Bush and Company's chemical factory in Batsworth Road, Mitcham. The factory was almost completely destroyed. The straight row of cottages nearest to the factory took the main shock

ADJOINING THE FACTORY: All that remained of the twenty-five cottages in Belgrave Road which received the full force of the explosion. Of the twenty-three people seriously injured seventeen resided in this road, which runs parallel to the northern side of the works

BROKEN ROOFS AND SHATTERED WINDOWS: Occupants of these cottages were either rising or still asleep when their roofs, ceilings, and chimney pots began to fall into the bedrooms. With all the upper floors seriously damaged it is a matter for wonderment that only one was killed and twenty-three injured

PROMPT RELIEF WORK: Children rendered homeless by the destruction of their parents' cottages appeared to accept the situation with philosophic calm, and enjoyed, in spite of the effects of shock, their mid-day meal at the Mission Hall

HOUSES IN THE DEVASTATED AREA: Another aspect of the disastrous results of the explosion which altogether has rendered fifty families homeless. It will be noticed that the area of extrme damage was limited; the damaged terrace sheltered the other houses very materially

SALVAGE: Two residents, whose home had been wrecked, salvage a piece of linoleum from the debris. With the help of firemen and the police the work of clearing cottages continued all day

HOMELESS BUT BEFRIENDED: Women who had lost their homes surveyed the area of destruction from the pavement. All those involved were soon accommodated by sympathetic neighbours and relief workers

SCOTTISH SOLDIERS THROUGH THREE CENTURIES

AT THE R.B.A. GALLERIES: This exhibition, which began on April 5 and which continues until April 29, consists of statuettes modelled by Mr. C. d'O. Pilkington Jackson brought from the Naval and Military Museum at Edinburgh Castle. The statues depict in detail the uniforms worn by Scottish regiments since 1633. In the group, left to right—Field Officer, Lord Leven's Regiment (1689); Private, the Royal Regiment of Scots Dragoons (1684); Musketeer, the Earl of Angus' Regiment (1689); Sergeant, 26th Regiment of Foot (1768); Private 3rd Foot Guards (1751); Private, Royal North British Dragoons (1758); Private, the Highland Regiment (1740)

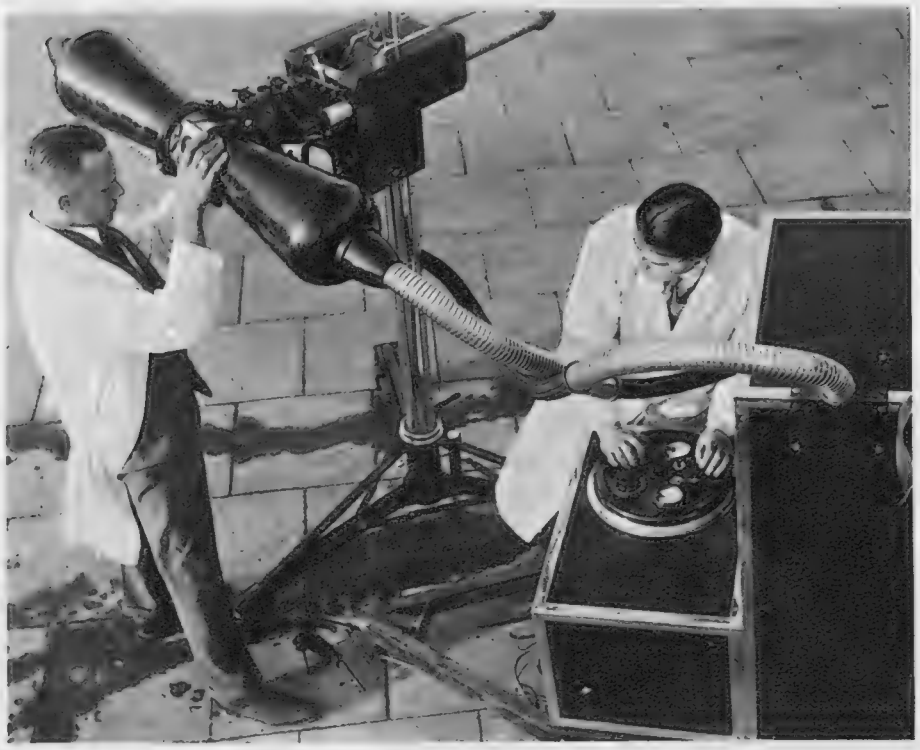
SOLDIERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: Among those in the group, reading from left to right—Officer, 93rd Sutherland Highlanders (1822); Private, 72nd Duke of Albany's Own Highlanders (1824); Field Officer, levee dress, 73rd Regiment of Foot (1816); Drummer in drill order, 92nd Gordon Highlanders (1815); Cornet with King's Guidon, Royal North British Dragoons (1815); and an Ensign, 79th Cameron Highlanders

Courtesy of the Sculptor and the Scottish Naval and Military Museum

CARVED IN SCOTTISH OAK: Another group of statuettes from the exhibition. Left to right—Officer, the 1st Royal Scots (1792); Piper in review order, 91st Argyllshire Highlanders (1801); Private, the King's Own Borderers (1806); Private, 92nd Gordon Highlanders; Private, in light marching order, mounted, 2nd or Royal North British Dragoons; and an Ensign, State clothing, 3rd Foot Guards (1800)

X-RAYING AN AEROPLANE

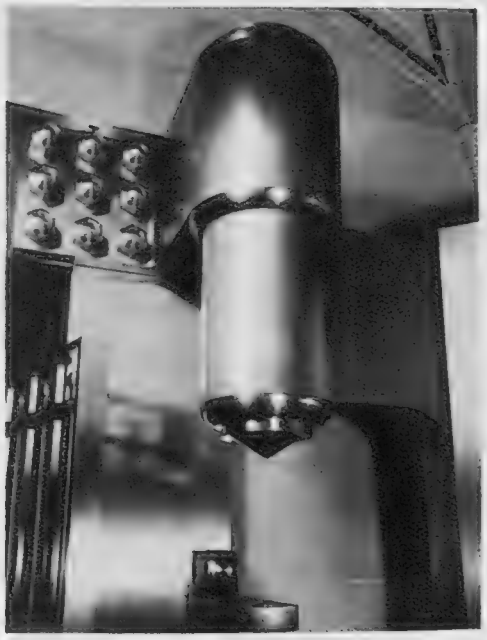
A Burglar-proof Steel Safe



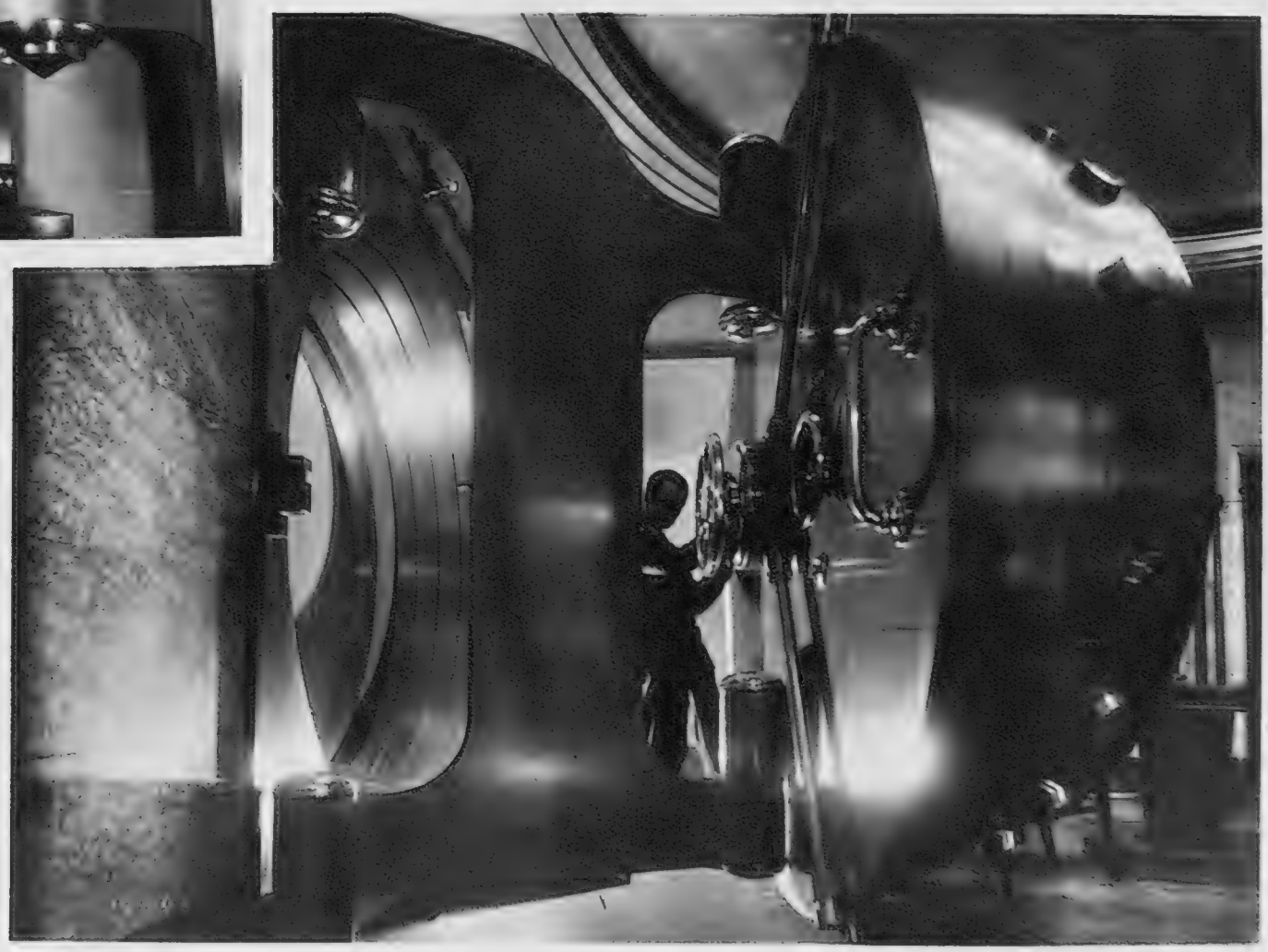
THE APPARATUS: The type of X-ray tube used by the German Luft Hansa Company for inspecting their fleet of aeroplanes. The apparatus is high tension proof

SEARCHING FOR DEFECTS: Assistants inspecting the wings of a Luft Hansa 'plane with the new X-ray apparatus. The high tension proof tubes constitute a development which has only been achieved after years of research

AN ENGINE PUT TO THE TEST: At periodic intervals the Luft Hansa Company hold a thorough X-ray examination of all their machines, transportable apparatus being brought to the aerodrome attached to a car. Defects invisible to the naked eye are immediately discovered by this method thus helping to obviate any accidents which might possibly occur through faulty construction. The Muller factory at Hamburg, where this apparatus is made, is claimed to be the oldest established of its kind



THE BURGLAR'S DESPAIR: The giant hinge of the giant safe in the Central Savings Bank in New York



"AS SAFE AS THE BANK": A picture that does much to reassure us that the old adage still applies, in spite of the times, among New York banking institutions. All the newest jemmies and oxygen bellows in the world are no use against the metre thick steel of this safe, with its invisible electrical contacts resting on minutely balanced levers which give the alarm at the slightest touch. Microphones with amplifiers play the part of acoustic spies, and even a quietly whispered word is immediately transmitted to the bank guard's room

A STRANGE GARDEN AT KEW

Where the Cacti Grow

CACTUS PLANTS OF THE CALIFORNIAN DESERT ARRANGED IN THEIR NATIVE SETTING AT KEW GARDENS: One of the bleak gorges of the desert has been reproduced in faithful detail in the famous gardens where it forms one of the latest botanical attractions for visitors. In California, Arizona, and Mexico many species of cacti are to be found, the dry, almost scorching, summer weather being conducive to their growth

DANGEROUS BUT INTERESTING: Youthful visitors to the Ball-cactus section at an exhibition of cacti held at the Botanical Gardens at Berlin. The exhibition celebrated the fortieth birthday of the German Cactus Society, an organization which has done much to foster cactus culture among gardeners

IN THE HOT-HOUSE: Large Cephalo Cerei and Pilo Cerei cacti, which have grown during the initial stages under glass, leaping skywards from small pots

CACTUS CULTURE IN GERMANY: A woman gardener attends to the potting of two-year-old cactus seedlings of the Cereus Strausii variety

The cactus plant, although essentially a product of America where the dry desert lands of Southern California, Mexico, and Texas are most conducive to its growth, has for long been eagerly sought after by horticulturists throughout the world.

Amongst the few cactus collections in England cultivated under artificial conditions, that at Kew Gardens is one of the most outstanding and is well worth a visit. This collection is noteworthy for the variety of species it contains, and ranks considerably ahead of those in the Gardens at Oxford, Cambridge, and Glasnevin.

The cacti with their peculiarly tough-skinned and succulent stems thrive for an extraordinary length of time without water, and the treatment suited to most of them during the greater part of the year would be fatal to more delicate plants. They may be termed children of the dry barren plains and mountain sides—here they continue to grow where any other form of vegetation would perish. They thrive in the scorching heat of the sun, their roots buried in the dried-up soil or rocks affording them the necessary sustenance.

Cacti are particularly rich in the beauty and variety of their flowers, and while the stems may be said to be more interesting than elegant, they at least provide an unfailing source of instruction for the student.

The species which expand their blossoms only at night are particularly interesting, and in the early days of cactus culture the flowering of one of these was an event of moment in English gardens.

Over a thousand species of cacti are known to exist in various parts of the world, but even to-day only a very few varieties have found their way into English gardens. Some years ago, however, there was something of a cactus mania in the country, when rich amateur gardeners vied with one another in procuring and growing large collections of the rarest and newest kinds. When wild and favourably situated the larger kind of cactus plant has been known to live to a great age, but under artificial cultivation many of the larger specimens appear to survive for only a few years. At Kew they have some very fine plants of the largest-growing variety, but unfortunately they never live longer than a year or two, gradually shrinking in size until, owing to the absence of native nourishment, they break down and rot. This rotting of the tissue, or fleshy part, of these plants is the great enemy to their English cultivation. Once taken from its desert surroundings the cactus, however hardy, is unable to adapt itself, a circumstance which clearly militates against its popularity among horticulturists in colder climes.

HAPPENINGS at HOME

WHITEHALL SMILES: Lord Hailsham (Minister of War) and Sir Hilton Young (Minister of Health) seen outside St. James's Palace after the King's levee

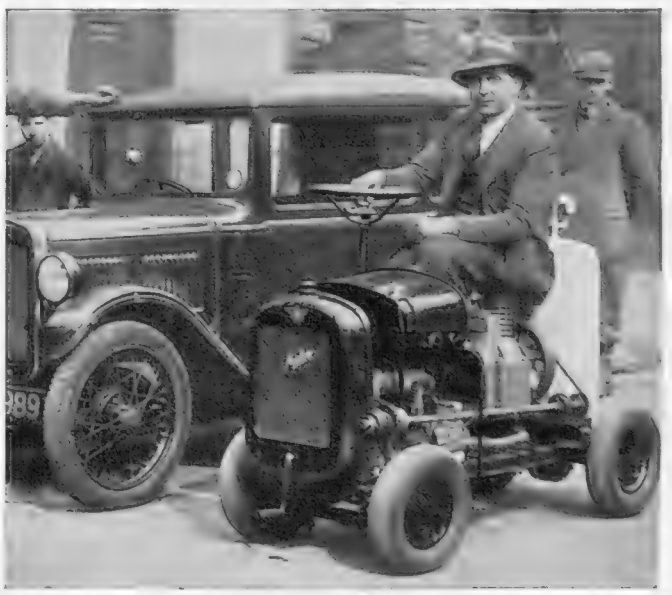
ORDERS ARE ORDERS: A scene in the barrack square of the Duke of York's Headquarters during the filming of the new British Gainsborough production, *Orders Are Orders*, the farcical story of a Hollywood director who attempts to square the British Army for film purposes

SIR LANCELOT OLIPHANT and Sir Robert Vansittart who attended the King's levee at St. James's Palace last week

THE QUEEN VISITS THE CIVIL SERVICE ART EXHIBITION: Her Majesty with Captain and Mrs. Guy Dollman during her visit to the Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum on March 28

AN UNUSUAL POST: Mr. H. L. Evans, who is known as the "River Postman," delivers letters to the shipping in the upper and lower pools of the Thames

HATTER'S CASTLE: A young scholar acts as a hatstand for his friends while they take part in the Westminster School sports at Vincent Square



AN AUSTIN MIDGET: Mr. C. V. Clements, a Birmingham motor engineer, with what he claims is the smallest 7-h.p. car in the world. This midget car is used for spraying work and carries the apparatus in the rear. It can be used in the house or factory

THE CRIME-SHIP'S CRUISE

A VIEW OF THE CITADEL AT ILE DE RÈ

The Convict Ship's port of departure

"La Martinière," with a Cargo of Criminals Drawn from all Over France, Sets Sail on Her Biennial Voyage for Cayenne and the Penal Settlements of French Guiana

By FERDINAND TUOHY

Painfully evident it has been for some time that the imaginative process had worn thin in regard to the setting for "thrillers." We have had murder mysteries located in every conceivable, and lots of inconceivable places, from the rear seats of motor-buses to the front row of the stalls. Yet no one, oddly, has thought of choosing precisely that environment where murderers most abound, even press one against the other. I refer to a convict ship, transportation bound. Not only might suspicion be made to descend in turn on all of several hundred passengers, but these could be relied upon to go all-out to defeat the ends of justice, cover up, shield, lie like troopers, shove and shove the sleuthers off the scent. Nor should it be necessary to have the obvious navigating officer or chief engineer or warder for victim; what better than some convict personality leaving dark and sinister secrets behind him as do so many of these men?

Yes, truly, what ghosts must hover above this vessel as she dips and rolls across the ocean . . . spectral little schoolgirls (strangled), battered old peasants, shot wives, gashed sweethearts, mutilated defenders of their own, stabbed rivals . . . what an albatross escort of wraiths around this ship for three long weeks!

Our vessel is *La Martinière*, 3,000 tons, about to weigh for Cayenne with her once-every-two-years' cargo of probably the worst criminals in Western Europe. She is already coaling at dismal Ile de Ré, where are assembling in the twilight, rat-run, and dripping citadelle of other centuries, such prospective passengers as have not already been incarcerated there. From the four corners of France cell-coaches attached to ordinary trains are converging.

Each successive time this happens, each year the brutish dregs (and lesser social enemies accompanying them) are parted, usually for ever, from la patrie and consigned to the fever swamps, voices are raised in France against the inhumanity of it. Albert Londres, who perished in the *Philippar*, made converts innumerable, including the man of feeling, Herriot, who, as Premier some years ago, sought to suppress the notorious penal settlement as (a) a budgetary drag; (b) cancellation of a colony; (c) damaging to the French name; (d) a source of annoyance to neighbouring Governments; but the vested interests of Cayenne and the bureaucratic hold thereon are great, and nothing came of the plan to substitute new prisons at home. And so *La Martinière*, unique survivor of past sea horrors, is getting up steam once more.

I feel sure the majority of those most closely concerned are in favour of this: that they opt every time for forced labour amid chains, and yellow, tropical death as against lingering in the appalling conditions of French domestic gaols. The departing convicts not only envisage the open country (however awful) instead of prison walls eternal, but there is horizon in the very notion of partir! and also the quite good prospect of escape, là-bas. This works particularly with the young, who are also apt to be considered "some guys" by crime Press fans. As for the ageing, they are usually too sunk in animal unawareness really to matter. The degradation of bagne may be without parallel, the promiscuous vice shattering, and scores and scores of our company are not only not murderers, but, by our standards, should not even earn penal servitude—it is one of the weaknesses of the French code that a man can get Cayenne-among-monsters for simple swindling—yet convict keenness to be away and starting afresh I noted for myself at one sailing of *La Martinière*.

No one goes to Ré who hasn't got to—flat, wind and rain swept, of such climate as to put gaiters on the donkeys which constitute the principal means of local transport. And the menacing citadelle rising over all, with its permanent note of escape. It was the beginning of the French boom years, 1927, and, driven progressively from their haunts by development schemes, a selection of writers, painters, talkers, had bethought themselves of Ré as refuge. No one would ever follow them to Ré! The citadelle alone must rule out that! (The following year they did follow, and built hotels and a casino and launched the place as a plage mondaine on the strength of having found well-known Parisian names there, but that is the way.) Ré, then, was still its cut-off, primitive self at the time of my passage, the vividest memory of which was that last morning when *La Martinière* lay off shore, steam up, launches plying, sirens going. We had to be up at 5 a.m. and it was raining hard. Senegalese with fixed bayonets were already lining the distance from the drawbridge down to the quai, and when presently great iron doors swung back I saw a scene that shall endure. A priest was walking backwards, holding aloft a crucifix and reciting *Aves*, and out of the darkness he was getting a fair volume of response. And then we saw them. Each with a sack slung over his shoulder, old and young, the latter in forage caps, the old lags in gay bonnets (privilege), a trudging company four abreast in handcuffs, and garbed in hanging, coarse dark blue. Hedged by dual glinting of Senegal eyes and bayonets in the lamplight, they took their last walk in France. Down to the tenders.

Relatives are allowed to wave farewell, but very few were there that day or, in fact, ever come, because of the added shame that would accrue back in the pays. Yet I have vision of one frightful apple-green transaction, pig-like and painted and raucous, all the worst the Midi can produce in femininity. Yet she was there. She was there to say adieu to her Toto. And she did. With tigress anger she paced up and down high over the packed deck, and her glances darted from Toto below to the gendarmes beside her.

Ah! les vaches! les vaches! Je les aurai, mon Toto, n'ayez pas peur! Adieu, mon Toto, adieu. . . .

But it is time to step aboard, in the mind's eye, and make that voyage.

The convicts are taken down to the hold, where they file into six large iron-bar cages facing each other, three each side. In the centre runs an alley-way paced by armed warders who may also have recourse to steam scalding when trouble breaks out in a cage. Most efficacious, apparently, also cleansing. Forty or fifty to a cage, the men sling their hammocks and "prepare" their corners. Already, in prison, they have chosen their "copains" and not infrequently the worst fights eventuate from one convict trying to appropriate the copain of another. The ice hereabouts is definitely thin. There existing an aristocracy of crime, "kings" are soon elected, not necessarily the worst criminals but the natural leaders, the rebels, sometimes the educated and intelligent. Gouguloff would certainly have been a "king" on this trip, and for the reason that in addition to his being "an exalted one" he was a doctor. The only other doctor to traverse these waves was one Bougrat of Marseilles, who kept a patient (dead) in a cupboard for weeks, and later, after duly lording it at Cayenne, managed to escape to Venezuela, where he now has a lucrative practice, in fact is so highly thought of that it has been waggishly suggested he may come back in time, accredited to the Quai d'Orsay by his new country. "Kings" are difficult of foreseeing for this voyage on account of a certain guillotine activity among celebrities, but Guy Davin, a doped young gentleman who murdered a Paris-American, is expected to be in the picture.

BOUND FOR DEVIL'S ISLAND: A group of convicts at Ile de Re, about to embark on the prison ship, *La Martinière*

On this strangest of current cruises the vessel is organized from stem to stern for rebellion. Cages may be cages, yet picture what might happen if this white cargo shook itself free! Three hundred raging prisoners against a hopelessly minority crew. *Big House* wouldn't be in it for the potential carnage in *La Martinière*. Accordingly, observation posts are occupied day and night, and automatic rifles and tear bombs are kept ever handy in addition to the scalding apparatus, while the least sign of obstreperousness leads to solitary confinement in irons for the duration. The greatest care has to be taken in giving the convicts their half-hour's exercise on deck each day. They go up twenty at a time, linked together. Otherwise the doomed company remains throughout the voyage in its cages, the conditions and atmosphere of which, especially when dirty weather is encountered, I shall not dilate upon. Contagion-screechings, such as Dartmoor has made us familiar with, will develop. Probably at such time the hold of *La Martinière* approaches the abyss, for whites in our twentieth century world. The convicts have nought to do but just lie around experiencing the full impact of things. The only breaks are the morning and evening arrival of coffee and stew respectively, out of buckets, and with black bread. The pangs of hunger preclude in large measure what would be the release of sleep or dozing. There is nothing to read. Endless hours are killed over improvised card packs, by mutual tattooing, by the boasting of the criminals, above all by schemes for escape already in gestation. But a good deal of the time those iron bars enclose, abject, seasick men several of whom die on the voyage, the more sensitive sometimes from sheer surroundings. There are not many broken hearts, though. Too tough a collection for that. A Paris diamond merchant (who set fire to a colleague) did die of one, but that was because his wife promised to follow him out and later cried off. Not that she could have gone, any way. Not even as a convict. The last women convicts for Cayenne sailed in 1900.

On the quai at Cayenne promenades officialdom and its wife and family in all the stiffness of a French provincial Sunday afternoon. For the *Martinière* also carries the monthly mail. The sun blazes down on low white buildings and whiter dust. Palms and cactus are scorched, and listless as the promenaders who, however, are all dressed up, including stiff collars for the men and high-heeled shoes for their companions. Perhaps a sallow, hollow-cheeked, prematurely old man may pass by alone—always alone, always an umbrella. He is Ullmo, ex-naval officer, traitor, and the record-holder of Cayenne, twenty-five years there, including four absolutely alone, during the War, on Devil's Island.

The star artist, "*l'as.*" For long he has been with a shipping company, and en pension with a priest, though a Jew.

Unlikely that any of the human baggage now descending the gangway will equal Ullmo's record. Ullmo determined to make reparation and that sustained him and kept him from rotting in vice. Most of the disembarking ones will proceed to rot in the half-dozen convict camps on shore and on the better-known islands. A percentage will in due course beat the shark waters and land in Trinidad or Venezuela. Perhaps as many will perish on the way, or in the bush while heading for Dutch territory adjacent to Cayenne. A tiny and lucky residue of young men, easy to look at, will be taken on by the French colony as butlers and menservants.

"My Jean's a gem. His waiting at table is faultless. And to think he costs me nothing! Of course, he *did* cut his children's throats, and sometimes I do feel just a little nervous when he's behind me. . . ."

A WORLD SURVEY

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF LEEDS: The couple were married recently in Nice

A MANSION ON WHEELS FOR AN EASTERN PRINCE: The special double-decker caravan which has recently been constructed by a British company for H.H. Abbas Hilmi II, ex-Khedive of Egypt, for use on his desert tours. The caravan has three lower deck compartments complete with armchairs and settees convertible into beds. The servants' accommodation is on the upper deck

PORTUGAL'S HITLER: Senhor Rolao Preto, leader of Portugal's blue shirts, who are known as the National Syndicalists, takes the salute from members of his army

NEW MONEY FOR A NATION ENTERING UPON A NEW ERA: Secretary of the Treasury, William H. Woodin, and the Assistant-Secretary, Mr. James Douglas, examine the new U.S.A. currency at the Bureau of Engraving, Washington. It is hoped to relieve the financial strain by putting more money into circulation

A STUDIO ROMANCE: Mr. Horace Narbeth, a British photographer, with Mlle Renée Bagaria, a beauty-queen competitor, his fiancée. The couple met in Mr. Narbeth's studio

A DISTINGUISHED VIENNESE COMPOSER IN PARIS: Herr Franz Lehar, composer of *The Merry Widow*, the light opera which first brought him fame, seen with his wife on the balcony of his hotel in the Boulevard des Capucines, Paris. Lehar, like most of the Viennese composers, is renowned for the haunting melodies of his waltzes

THE BRITISH ARMY

"JOIN THE ARMY AND SEE THE WORLD": Members of the 1st Battalion of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, bound for foreign service in Palestine, bring their baggage to the quayside

PHYSICAL JERKS: The Army's method of keeping fit and, incidentally, of economizing on medical bills

HOW THE FORCES ARE ECONOMIZING

Without Loss of Efficiency

The Army is economizing. Visions of commanding officers studiously intent on expense sheets may be dispelled at once, and if there are any imaginative pictures of economy-mad sergeant-majors they are exaggerated. Yet the Army is economizing in perhaps the most scientific and thorough drive against waste that ever pleased the hearts of the frugal.

The figures of Army expenditure coldly tell us that there will be spent in 1933 the sum of £2,000,000 less than in 1931. It is true that £1,500,000 more than last year will be spent, but then the Army made a special effort last year, and those who direct expenditure made no bones about their chief object in life. They were out to save money. There was little tact about it, and little pretence. Now, after a year of cheese-paring, the authorities are bending their attention to the problem of economizing without appearing to do so. They are having their cake and eating it.

The finest tribute to this scientific campaign was paid by a serving officer of my acquaintance whom I asked for impressions of life under the regime of economy,

"How does it affect the Mess?" I asked. "How does it affect the ordinary duties of the officer? And how does it affect the private soldier, himself an expert in economy?"

The reply was startling.

"Economy?" he asked. "What economy? They are chucking money at us."

Thus, in the vivid if slightly inaccurate jargon of the average soldier, I received the first indication of the tact and diplomacy of the War Office. This must be the most painless extraction in history.

One point, however, always engages the attention of the serving soldier, either commissioned or otherwise. Not unnaturally he gauges life in the Army on manœuvres. Manœuvres to him, whether he is directing operations surrounded by all the pomp and chivalry of a staff job, or merely passing a wet day in a wet ditch, are the standard on which he judges military life. They are his summer holiday, his week out. The ability of the British taxpayer to support the Army is judged by the munificence or otherwise of the authorities in arranging for all the panoply of warfare without the danger.

There are to be no manœuvres this year. That fact is admitted with the frankness to be expected from a military programme and announced with no attempt to minimize the tragedy.

But in the same programme there are alternatives which should convince even the most hardened grouser in the ranks that the War Office is doing its best. For there are to be concentrations, military schemes worked out in detail, and exercises in training which will do much to soften the blow.

Furthermore, the authorities have decreed that the soldier will enjoy the principal feature common to manœuvres. He will move his ground. Not like last year, when he moved about the local and too-well-known countryside, he will this year join a vast concentration of troops and do the thing in style on Salisbury Plain, the traditional setting for all "major exercises." He will hardly be able to tell the difference between the "higher training"

LIFE AT A FAMOUS BARRACKS: Although the discipline may be rigid the soldier in London has little to complain of. His barracks are roomy, opportunities for sport are plentiful, and his food is appetizing and varied

THE TROOPING OF THE COLOUR: Brigadier-General Liddell takes the salute as the 2nd Norfolk Regiment at Raglan Barracks carry out a full dress rehearsal of the anniversary commemoration of Kut-el-Amara

IN 1933

BOUND FOR BARRACKS: A detachment of the Grenadier Guards crosses Westminster Bridge en route for Waterloo Station and Aldershot

THE CYNOSURE OF ALL EYES: Booted and spurred, and clad in all the glory of their traditional equipment, a mounted regiment passes down Park Lane on ceremonial parade

exercises, to be carried out half-way through September, and real manœuvres. The War Office may get away with it yet.

During the same month there is an inter-cavalry brigade exercise between the 1st and 2nd Cavalry Brigades, and during August the Aldershot Command 1st Division will carry out brigade and divisional training, and the 2nd Division will continue true to tradition by bridging the oft-bridged Thames. Could dissimulation of rigid economy go further?

But it may be said that the soldier, fearful to learn the results of economy, looks not to the programme of his wanderings over the rural face of England, but to his menus. He may base his expert judgment on the grub. What, then, about this grub?

Here is seen the ultimate cunning of the War Office. The grub is better and cheaper. Into the commissariat departments of the higher command there came the rare word economy, but with it came the strange word vitamins. The old soldier was hash-conscious. The new soldier, even though he sneers, is vitamin-conscious.

What would an old Army cook have said to an inspector of Army catering who spoke of calories and nutriment-value? What would he have said to a school of cooking where specimen diets are considered? But here is organized economy, for it has been found possible to give the men better value for less money after the fare has been passed by various medical authorities.

The old soldier would then have turned his attention to housing, as the second most important item that makes for a pleasant life. Housing, and the replacement of barracks considered unfit for troops, has been considerably slowed up. Re-housing is one of the most expensive dreams of the War Office. It was the first to go when it was realized that Parliament would insist on a reduction of the Estimates for the Army. Yet even this is going on still. Old barracks, considered suitable by the pre-War soldier, are being replaced. It is realized that bad health is the most expensive item on the account of the Army. An unfit soldier is a dead loss. Unsuitable barracks once caused a great deal of sickness. The campaign for health still goes on even in its most expensive direction, but economy will not allow it to be followed with the vigour that many wish.

The old soldier was not an athlete. He was a boxer, and perhaps performed tremendous feats once a year at the annual sports by pulling a magnificent tug-of-war. But judged by to-day's standards he would not have improved the sporting prestige of his battalion by one mark. And here is another department in which the health-conscious authorities cunningly conceal economy. They save money by making men fit.

These opportunities for sport are only part of a plot. These facilities for running round a race track are only an item in the great economy drive. These prizes for physical fitness are given only so that a sly Secretary of State for War may rise in the House of Commons and announce a further reduction in Army Estimates. The sick soldier is the Army's greatest expense. At no time in the history of the British Army has there been a smaller expenditure on the unfit. The War Office grudges every penny spent in the sick-bays. The soldier of to-day, with perfect food, good accommodation, and more opportunities for sport than most civilians, has no reason to fall ill.

(Continued on p. 70)

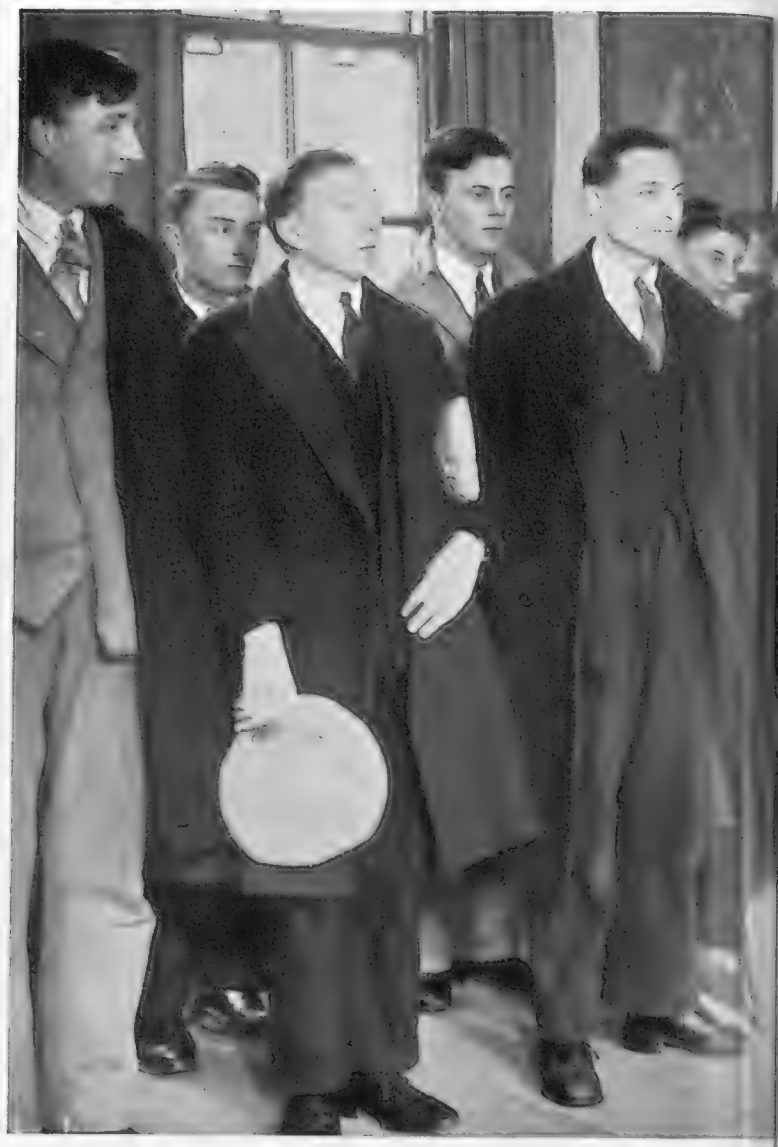
ON MANŒUVRES: An officer leads his men through a Surrey village. Although the Army is conducting a rigid economy campaign this year as the result of a cut in the Estimates, there are to be several important concentrations of troops during the summer. New ground will be covered in the course of the exercises

SQUAD GARGLE: Members of the Norfolk Regiment take their daily gargle as an influenza preventive

SPORT AS AN AID TO HEALTH: The winners of an Army sporting event receive their prizes from the General

THE ARMY P

THE FIRST TEST: The recruiting sergeant measures a prospective candidate's height before passing him on to the medical officer



IN THE SERGEANT'S TENDER CARE: Induced perhaps by the vivid advertisements young men have applied to join the Army. The sergeant is seen marshalling them

SOUND IN WIND AND LIMB? A candidate undergoes an aural test during the intensive medical examination which always precedes acceptance as a military recruit

SWEARING-IN RECRUITS: Men who have been accepted for service give the oath of allegiance before the recruiting officer. Only about 15 per cent. of those who apply ever reach this stage, so insistent is the Army in its demand for men in sound health

CKS ITS RECRUITS

outside the recruiting office, by unemployment, or through natural aptitude, these prior to the medical examinations which they have to undergo before acceptance

STOUT-HEARTED MEN ONLY: The medical officer sounds a recruit's heart. It is this examination which so often provides the stumbling-block to those with military aspirations

TAKING THE KING'S SHILLING: Recruits receive their first pay after being passed out for service

SURVEYING THE RAW MATERIAL: A final word of advice to the recruits before they leave for their particular depots

The service requires 30,000 recruits this year, and yet with more than 2,000,000 unemployed it needs must advertise, even plead, for new recruits. To the average onlooker the situation appears puzzling, but when it is realized that approximately 95 per cent. of the unemployed population do not come up to the high standard of efficiency demanded by the Army Medical Authorities the matter is more easily understood. This is for many the insurmountable barrier that stands between unemployment and an ordered disciplined existence. A recruit, for instance, must be between eighteen and twenty-five years of age, while the vast majority of men searching for work outside the Employment Exchanges are well over thirty. They are often men who have passed their prime as workers and been put off, often unwillingly, by factories which could no longer afford to employ them.

Again, many of these men are married. The Army does not want married recruits, and furthermore it demands men who are physically fit, whose teeth are good and whose vision is as near perfect as possible. Their height, too, must be at least 5 ft. 3 in. and weight no less than 8 st. 3 lb. A good character is also imperative, and an employer's or householder's reference for the past year must be produced. Furthermore the candidate must never have been in gaol for any reason. In fact, when all these considerations are taken into account, it is safe to reckon that out of every hundred men who try to join the Army only fifteen get there.

The lure of the posters is certainly a compelling one, and as they say the army is certainly a man's life, but it is only a life for men who are young and fit and strong

WEIGHING AND MEASURING: The medical officer continues his examination. Only a small percentage of applicants pass these rigid tests successfully

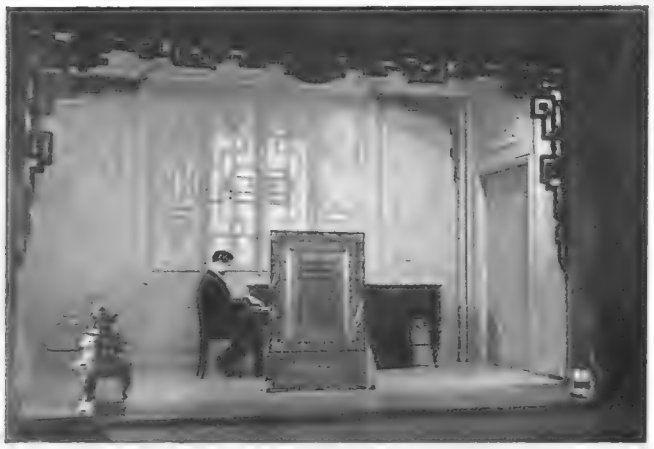
FRANCE'S COSMOPOLITAN UNI

Fifteen Nations Share in the Building of a Gigantic Educa

IN GRECIAN STYLE: The Hellenic Foundation, one of the latest additions to the University City, is modelled on the style of a Grecian temple

THE TEMPORARY RESTAURANT: A meeting place of students for meals between lectures

MODELLED ON TRADITIONAL LINES: The headquarters outer detail on the lines of an Eastern house. Each na incorporated in it the outstanding characteristi



ORIENTAL SPLENDOUR: The music corner of the State-room in the magnificently equipped Indo-Chinese house

NEARING COMPLETION: The severely simple architecture of the Dutch pavilion

WHERE STUDENTS OF ALL NATIONS DINE: Male and City. A perma

AN AGE-OLD GAME IN AN EASTERN SETTING: Two Japanese students try their skill at chess with the Director of the Foundation in the magnificent Oriental pavilion which has been erected for their use

A NEGRO STUDENT dines in what is, perhaps, the world's most cosmopolitan restaurant

History is repeating itself at the University of Paris, some eight centuries after it was founded. On the heights overlooking the old Latin Quarter, a great new University City has been under construction, to which fifteen nations have given their material support. Already students have come from the four corners of the earth, as they did from all over Europe long before the New World was discovered, to live, as well as to study in the privileged community of "Nations" which made up the Faculty of Arts.

However, it is a far cry from those uncomfortable, hazardous days, to the Cité Universitaire, with its modern buildings and elaborate services that will cater to every need of the young students.

The University City is primarily a response to what has always been the most vexing and most important problem which faces the young man or woman who comes to study at the University of Paris—the question of lodging.

It was M. Emile Deutsch de la Meurthe who first conceived

NIVERSITY CITY

ducational Centre in Paris

ters of the Japanese foundation, built in every nation with a building in the University has eristics of its own particular architecture

IN THE INDO-CHINESE HOUSE: Students playing table-tennis in a corner of the recreation room. France in the building of her University City has catered very fully for scholars from her Far Eastern Dominion who are flocking to Paris to receive the advantages of a Western education

and female students enjoy their midday meal in the temporary restaurant of the University manent structure is to be erected in due course

THE READING-ROOM: Part of the finely-furnished State-room in the Indo-Chinese House is employed as a reading room

the idea of a "City," not too far from the scholastic centre of Paris, where for a reasonable price the students would receive, as he planned it, "the facilities desirable for the good organization of their material, intellectual, and moral life."

Twelve years ago he offered the University of Paris 10,000,000 francs for the purpose of erecting some buildings as a beginning. The Government, upon whose subsidies the University depends, gladly accepted and donated a stretch of land just opposite the Parc Montsouris, near the Porte d'Orléans. It promised to build a park and athletic playgrounds on that part of the land which will not be covered by buildings, and to connect the Cité with the underground system at the Luxembourg Station. Since that time new land has been added, so that the grounds now cover no less than 100 acres.

The idea took seed in many distant countries. Governments and philanthropists donated money. To-day there are no less than seventeen buildings either completed, or nearly so, with three or four others planned or actually started.

The first group to be finished was that now known as the Fondation Emile et Louise Deutsch de la Meurthe, which forms the centre of the Cité. Of all the buildings, this collection of seven pavilions, in an

BRAIN FOOD: An example of the excellent cuisine in the Students' Restaurant

old French architectural style that greatly resembles the form used at Oxford, seems outwardly to convey best the impression of old university life which the founders sought to perpetuate.

That was in 1925, and in the eight years which have followed one nation after the other has constructed edifices for its students. Each country has sought to embody its national ideals of architecture in its particular building, with the result that the visitor who strolls about the grounds to-day is faced with as extraordinary a conglomeration of architectural styles as is to be found within a given area anywhere in the world.

As one approaches from the Porte d'Orléans, two extremely dissimilar buildings come into view. The first is the modernistic Dutch College, with its bold sweep of bare, white walls and long stretches of windows like so

(Continued on page 70)

ON THE GREAT GEZIRA PLAIN

One of the World's Largest Cotton-Producing Centres in the Southern Sudan

By JOHN S. G. McJANNET

IN A LAND OF PLENTY: The fruit section of Messiemia Market, indicating the wealth of the soil near the Nile banks where most of the fruit in the Gezira district is grown. In the foreground are seen guavas and bundles of sugar cane

FÊTED BY HIS FRIENDS: A marriage ceremony on the Gezira Plains. After the bridegroom has completed his financial arrangements with the bride's parents he comes to be fêted by his friends before whom he rides up and down on his camel. They are then invited to a feast which, if the bridegroom is a man of means, usually lasts for several days

THE MAIN STREET OF WAD-MEDANI: The thriving town and marketing centre in the Gezira cotton-growing district, at one time the starting place of the caravan route between the Blue and White Niles. The name Wad-Medani actually means "town of minarets" but the sole remaining mosque to-day is in poor preservation

DRESSED IN THEIR BEST: Arab women seen at the camel races and sports which follow the "Ramadan" or Moslem fast. This time of feasting is known as the "Mulid"

ON THE PLAINS: Cotton pickers with their day's harvest stand in front of their mud block hut after the day's work. Before placing the cotton in sacks it is first picked clean of twigs

ARRIVING FOR THE ANNUAL CROP PICKING: An Arab sheikh on his way to Wad-Medani. Most of the plain dwellers who come in for crop picking bring with them all their flocks, camels, and donkeys

About 100 kilometres to the south of Khartoum, and extending west from the Blue Nile to the White Nile, lies the great Gezira Plain, one of the largest cotton producing areas in the world. Not many years ago this area was practically a desert except for a few poor Sudanese families, who eked out a precarious living by growing dura (a kind of barley) which is dependent on rain for its cultivation and which was the staple food for both man and beast. In bad seasons of drought, famine stalked through the country and whole families and flocks died of hunger.

To-day the scene is changed. Where once poor specimens of dura grew one sees green cotton plants neatly laid out (like a huge market garden) in plots, intersected by canals which have brought the precious water from the great dam at Makwar, and which have changed the whole aspect of a once barren land. The substance of the soil, which is ideally suited to the growing of cotton, and the fact that the land is so flat, have made it possible to irrigate and make the present scheme a paying proposition.

A few years ago the Government realized the great value of this land and started a small cotton-growing area at Taiyba, where the Nile waters were pumped up to irrigate the adjoining country. The results were good and a private syndicate took over the working and extended the experimental area as far south as Barakal, establishing pumping stations at various advantageous points. By Government grants the Sennar dam came into being at Makwar, and from this source arterial canals were dug all over the area, and to-day a continual supply of water is assured for the 500,000 feddans (acres) of growing cotton.

Experiments made at Wad-Medani show that the Gezira Plain is capable of producing cotton of very superior quality, and many experts consider it to be almost as good as the famous Sea Islands product now threatened with extinction through the ravages of insects Since the opening of the Sennar Dam in 1926 the area has developed rapidly, the Sudan Plantations Syndicate, whose concession lasts until 1950, having tackled the work in truly business-like manner.

Of course the scheme under which this great work is carried out could be successful only by co-operation with the Sudanese landowners and natives, who now realize that they have a fixed yearly source of income.

During December the picking of cotton commences and villages of Arabs spring up in a night. From Singa, Roseires, and the Bahr-el-Ghazal they come, bringing wives, babies, beds, cooking-pots, household implements on the backs of camels, and driving before them the large flocks of goats and sheep on which they are dependent for food and clothing.

These Arabs are a race of nicely-spoken men and good-looking women, who wander aimlessly, it seems, over the vast Gezira Plain following their flocks. Their homes are simple structures, being composed of mats (made by the women from goats' hair) stretched on poles, and under these shelters whole families live in seeming peacefulness. Their diet is simple, being chiefly goats' meat, milk, and ground dura made into cakes. The women do all the labour, and the men tend the camels and flocks. Looking more closely, one sees that they are a dirty race of people, seldom bathing or changing their apparel, and owing to inter-marriage are not robust, the men especially being of slim build and in many cases consumptive.

The Sudanese, on the other hand, are a strong people and have clean instincts. Their houses, usually villages (hilads), grouped together, are made of mud bricks, lined inside, and have thatched roofs. They are negroid in features, unlike their Arab neighbours, who have the clean-cut European visage.

The town of Wad-Medani is the chief centre in this area, having a population of roughly 10,000 people. Here is the seat of the Blue Nile Administration, the government building standing on the Nile banks. There is also a hospital, up-to-date in every respect, in charge of an efficient medical staff and which has accommodation for nearly 500 people. The chief industry in Wad-Medani is shopkeeping, the majority of the stores belonging to Greeks. All classes of tradesmen are represented, and on the whole it is a distinctly flourishing centre.

Farther south on the line towards Makwar the country has a slight tendency to rise and become wooded, and it is here amongst the swamps and trees that one finds game in abundance from the dainty gazelle to the lumbering hippopotamus. The Sudan Government Railway, starting from Khartoum, runs south to Makwar, touching the fringe of the cotton area, and so on to the Abyssinian border.

The dialect spoken is Arabic (not the true Arabic of Arabia, but a bastard kind). The chief exports are cotton, dates, and skins.

In general, it is a country intensely interesting and worth visiting.

NEWS from the SEVERN and SOUTH

A SEVERNSIDE INDUSTRY: Basket trap fishing for salmon opens on the Severn next week and fishermen are now busy repairing and making new traps in readiness for the approaching season. A fisherman is seen demonstrating how the salmon is removed from the trap after being caught

ANCIENT CONDUITS: Gloucester's old wooden water main, consisting of trees with the centres bored out, is now being unearthed in the main road through the city during the course of repairing operations. These pipes, which supplied Gloucester with water over two hundred years ago, are in a remarkable state of preservation and are eagerly being sought after by curio hunters

TOILERS OF THE NIGHT: Elver fishers, armed with lanterns and with their curious nets, are now at work on the banks of the Severn, near Gloucester. Elvers, or young eels, are considered a great delicacy, and the Severn is one of their most prolific breeding grounds. During the day they lie concealed, and it is only when they come out to feed at night that they can be caught with ease

PRESERVING THE NEW FOREST: A motorist examines brooms which have been set up on the roadside in the New Forest for use in checking the spread of fires

A DARTMOOR MENACE: Farmers are mounting guard over their flocks in certain districts of Dartmoor where there has been an alarming increase in sheep stealing. One farm has lost as many as thirty sheep in a night

BUY MY ENGLISH MUSHROOMS: A scene at Messrs. J. Harnett's mushroom-growing nurseries at Hoddesdon, Hertfordshire. The district is rapidly assuming importance as a growing centre

CLUBLAND TO-DAY: By CHARLES GRAVES

The Crisis Created by Declining Subscriptions Makes Amalgamation, Frowned on by Many Members, the only Hope of Survival for the Less Popular Clubs

Twelve years of experience have taught me that there are only two subjects likely to create a more angry correspondence than a dissertation on social clubs. These are blood sports and Scottish tartans, and are so certain to produce a mass of letters that I have long ago given up writing about them. It is not fair on the postman, apart from anything else. But the social clubs are in such a state at the moment that they positively demand investigation.

SIR PARK GOFF, who at one time was a member of over thirty clubs, is now a member of only ten

At the present time there are fifty-one first-class clubs in London. More than half are in serious financial difficulties, and, as with the minor packs of hounds, it may be taken for granted that at least a dozen will fall by the wayside in the next two years. One to which I belong will be deciding to-day whether or not to close its doors in the next few weeks.

There are a number of reasons for the decline. The first is that with the exception of about ten, headed by the Turf, the Marlborough, and the Carlton, membership of the first-class club no longer carries with it the social distinction of even ten years ago. Just after the War young men poured back from the War and put up for the best clubs. There were long waiting lists. Blackballing was frequent. Entrance fees were high. Subscriptions were high. Intending candidates had to have a friend at court to canvass for them, and it was a distinct honour to belong to a good club. It gave the young men a background which they needed and, particularly in the case of the Bachelors' Club, put them almost automatically on the dance list of the big hostesses. It also gave them the advantage of having most excellent meals at club prices, which were at least half those reigning in the existing good restaurants. It enabled them to have a *pied à terre* in London if their parents lived in the country, and gave them good bridge and probably billiards and snooker.

Then the young men found it was not so easy to get jobs in London, and they had to go abroad, and slowly but surely the older members started to die off. After all, the War has been over nearly fifteen years, and anyway a poignantly high percentage of members of good clubs were killed between 1914 and 1918. Then a crop of good restaurants sprang up which were not so expensive as the others. These started to take a toll of the luncheon and dinner revenue of the clubs. Then excellent but less expensive hotels, like the Park Lane for example, started to give you bedroom and breakfast for very little more than you had to pay at the club, and you could stay at them for more than a fortnight on end. Here was another cut in the club's profits. Then young women became much more independent, and expected much more fuss to be made of them, and more entertainment given them by their young men. This became so serious that a number of clubs, after heated general meetings, decided to have certain rooms set aside for the entertainment of women guests. But the novelty soon wore off, and other efforts had to be made to stop the shrinkage in membership.

The most successful of these undoubtedly has been the introduction of the squash court. Young men insist on exercise when they work in London, and squash is the speediest and most economic way of obtaining it. Soon, though, there will be buildings in London with half a dozen public squash courts, and the clubs may once again lose the temporary grip they have acquired on their members in this way. But an even more serious blow has been dealt at the clubs of Pall Mall, St. James's, and Piccadilly, from which there is no escape. This is the flood of small mixed clubs with an annual subscription of 2 or 3 guineas instead of 12 or more. The pioneers were Nash's and Cymie's, and they were quickly followed by the Nineteenth, Punch's (the most successful of them all), the Cutty Sark, the Bon Viveur, the Regency, Pug's, and half a dozen others, including the Albany, which opened last week. These clubs provide the modern young man who ought to be joining the social clubs with everything he wants except squash rackets, and have attracted hundreds of members. There is good, cheap food. The member sees all his friends. He can entertain there. He can cash cheques. He can have messages left for him. There is always a first-class cocktail bar. There are all the illustrated weeklies, and in many instances he can write his letters there. These clubs are nearly all proprietary, unlike all but two of the big social clubs (including Pratt's). So the most businesslike methods are applied to the catering and everything else, and they are all making nice profits in view of the comparatively small capital involved and the small overhead charges.

But now let us turn to the famous old clubs. At some time or another I must have lunched or dined in at least forty of them, and to anyone who has had that privilege it is the greatest tragedy to realize the possibilities that several of them may have to shut down and sell their fine old houses for some modern architect to turn into offices or flats. But to be rational about it, anyone who knows anything about the clubs as they are to-day must realize that the supply is greater than the demand. To take only two types—the University Clubs and the Services Clubs. There are weak sisters among both sorts (this is where I have to go very carefully). But would any of them offer to amalgamate, which is the only sensible thing to do? No, sir. Certainly not. Their pride would not permit it. For safety's sake, let me generalize again. Club after club in the West End is holding on desperately in the hopes that other clubs will go under first and that at least a percentage of their members will transfer their allegiance and subscriptions, and all the time their deficits increase.

ESTABLISHED IN 1698: The exterior of White's, the famous St. James's Street Club

In Dublin not long ago two social clubs were both floundering. One went under. The other immediately acquired ninety of its members and now has its head well above water again. That is what will be happening soon in London. You hear rumours right and left. Every now and then members of ancient clubs are asked to subscribe extra sums of money to keep the club going. Sometimes one old member who has no other interest in life will put up a few thousands to keep his club artificially alive.

The fact remains that in this last three years the drop in membership of these leading clubs is on an average anything between 15 per cent. and 40 per cent. If one takes 800 to be the average membership of a club (some have as many as 2,000 members) it means that anything from 6,000 to 15,000 resignations have been received since the slump by club secretaries out of a total membership of 40,000. Of course, most people belong to at least two clubs, but few can still afford, like Sir Park Goff, to belong even now to ten. When there is three-quarters of the income-tax to pay on January 1, as well as land tax and quarterly bills and so on, no wonder the wives of members persuade them to resign and save 12 guineas here and 40 guineas there. I have often thought that if secretaries of clubs would make it possible for members to reverse the income-tax rule and pay a quarter of their subscriptions on January 1 and three-quarters on July 1 it might make a big difference.

Meantime, a man who is confronted with, let us say, £100's worth of club subscriptions on January 1 is bound to lop off the clubs where he knows least people, unless he is still sufficiently old-fashioned as to treat his club purely as a retreat from the world. The consequence is that those clubs which are bound up in a hobby are still perfectly prosperous and happy. To instance a few, there are the Portland, where contract bridge is the connecting link; the Royal Thames Yacht Club, which has the finest club premises in London and where, as is evident, yachting binds everyone together; the Carlton, where the popularity of Mr. Baldwin is a sure guarantee of prosperity; the Athenæum, where literature and ecclesiastics go hand in hand; the Garrick, where playwrights and leading actors congregate; the Marlborough, home of diplomacy; the Orleans, which has the best chef, and so on. All these are as solid as they ever were, and others like them.

But among some where there is no connecting link, except a dignified escape from the home coupled with a moderately good cellar and comfortable armchairs, matters are in a distinctly parlous condition. Even when members do not send in their resignations they are using their clubs less, and when a club is not used it is already on the skids despite the income from subscriptions. A club secretary was telling me recently of the ever increasing number of members who only use their club to dash in and cash cheques after the banks have closed and then dash off again without going any farther than the club porter's desk. "For a time," he said, "the wave of contract bridge made a big difference to us and most of the other clubs. But even that is beginning to fade. The most august old members are inclined to dine at home and go off to the cinema nowadays—a thing they would not have dreamed of doing only a few years ago.

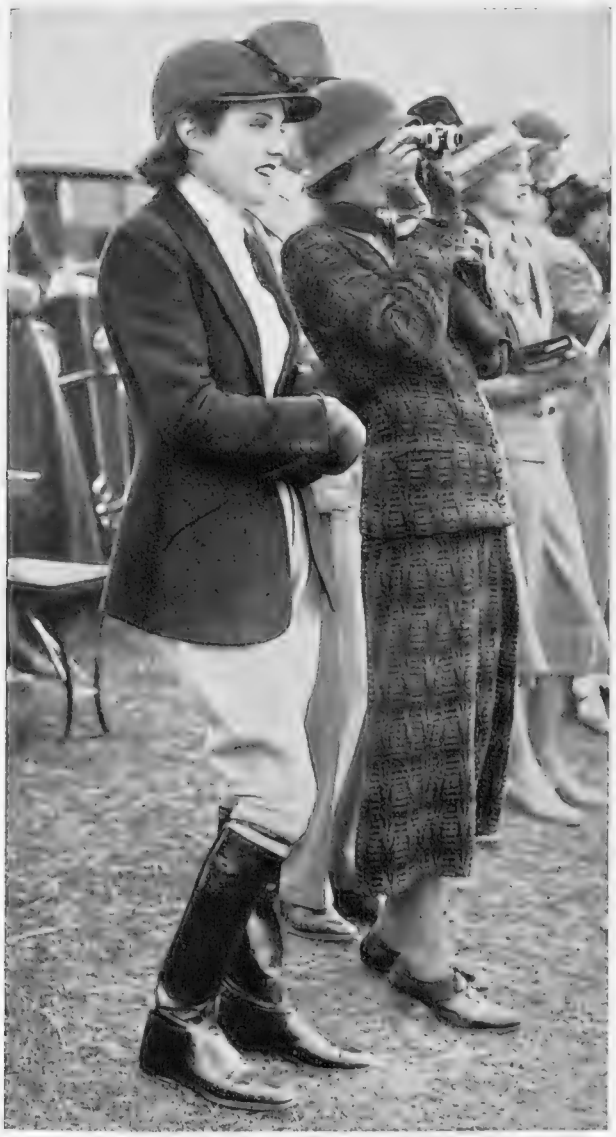
"My own theory is that the only hope for a number of these clubs is that they should amalgamate and cut their losses. But the members are so stubborn that they would never consent to it. You know how it is just for the few weeks when one club acts as host to another while it is being redecorated. Everyone scowls. It is a pity, though, isn't it?"

WOMEN'S INTERESTS

SCOTTISH M.P.'s SON WEDS: The bridesmaids at the wedding of Mr. G. M. Mason and Miss Elizabeth Hedley at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, last week

THE SERVANTS SERVED: Mrs. Simon Combe and Miss Kitty Combe serving tea at the annual staff ball given by the Hon. Mrs. Richard Hoare and Lady Plunkett at Chelsea Town Hall

DRESSES FOR DEBUTANTES: The cocktail party, with Miss Lucy Cohen as hostess, which was arranged last week in order that the season's debutantes could meet one another and witness a special fashion parade arranged by the Queen's dressmaker



WAITING HER TURN: Miss Carr, who rode in the Ladies' Adjacent Hunts Race, watches an event with her mother, Mrs. C. K. Carr, at the North Warwickshire Point-to-Point

CHASING "THE GLOWING HOURS WITH FLYING FEET": Sturdy young competitors in the dancing competitions arrive in a merry mood for the Annual Epsom Music Festival, held at the Ebbisham Hall, Epsom, last week

HE WANTED ADVENTURE: Bobby Howes as a pirate chief in the musical adaptation of *Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure* at the Saville. He is, of course, the hero who wanted adventure and got it by temporarily becoming his piratical ancestor

PLAYS AND FILMS

By PHILIP PAGE

One day, and I do not think that day will be long postponed, audiences will clamber over the footlights, bent on murder, when they are confronted with a selfish nincompoop of a woman as a stage "heroine." All human nature is at the disposal of dramatists, and for much too long some of them have been disposed to concentrate on one negligible part of it.

If the married woman in *This Inconstancy* at Wyndham's is typical of a certain set—and I grant that she is—then by all means let her be included in a play that deals with that set. But do not let her, virtually but unvirtuously, monopolize a whole play even though it be, as in this case, a short one.

Jill—the author has not given her a surname—is the latest and most exasperating of a long series of stage creatures who have nothing whatever to recommend them—not even entertainment value. Yes, one thing. They usually wear good clothes and are played by actresses who know how such clothes could be put on. Since one can see a dozen *mannequins* wearing equally good clothes at a dress show for nothing, with free cocktails thrown in, that was hardly sufficient justification for putting Jill in yet another play. When they are not amusing they have no justification in any play; and the sooner dramatists drop the habit of concentrating on them the better.

This Inconstancy would have been, much of it, good fun without Jill. The first act is certainly brilliant. Had Mr. Noel Coward written it half London at least would have called it *divinely* brilliant.

But if that act was up to Coward form, and possibly beyond it, he would never have allowed the tediously farcical complications of Act II, with its nurse and baby and the liaison the husband was supposed to have with a dismissed lady's maid. It seemed to have been written to show that Jill was as senseless in her jealousy as in everything else. As a prologue to proving that she could not dry baby-clothes before the fire without letting them scorch it was unnecessary, since we knew that already.

Act III took a turn for the better, though the serious note on which it closed was incredible. To let a "smart" farce-comedy end in semi-darkness and the glow of the firelight while a silly husband leads a silly wife to a bedroom so that baby-clothes should in due course be scorched for a child of their own is a situation requiring superhuman skill if it is to be taken seriously.

Hints at this point of tiny tots in a nursery set me thinking of large but less costly tots, not in a nursery.

If *This Inconstancy* can run along on that excellent first act so much the better. If it does not, Jill will have killed it, which may have the pleasant result of making our dramatists kill off their Jills.

Miss Gertrude Lawrence played this one at the top of her most sophisticated form. I fear some of her mannerisms are her own, and they are increasing. She is a mass of stage-intelligence; but her performance when I saw it would have been improved had just one sentence been spoken in an absolutely straightforward and unaffected fashion.

Mr. Hugh Wakefield can never go wrong in a part that demands elegant inebriation. Mr. Leslie Banks managed to make a real person out of the husband. A gloriously funny episode owed much to Mr. Nigel Bruce's picture of bovine and blue-blooded moronism.

The musical-comedy version of Mr. Walter Hackett's *Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure* brings the number of pirate plays up to two. *He Wanted Adventure* will serve well enough to carry on the Saville Theatre policy, which may be described as the successful solution of the Bobby Howseing problem. That is to say, a non-musical piece is adapted to suit the style of that deservedly popular little comedian, Mr. Bobby Howes.

I fully expect to see at this theatre in course of time Tennyson's *Becket*, with Mr. Howes in the Irving part, and Sir Arthur Pinero's *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, with Mr. Howes a sort of Widow Tanqueray in the Mrs. Patrick Campbell part. Indeed, putting *His Howes in Order* might well become one of the musical attractions of the near future.

To take a good and rather subtle joke, to remove its subtlety and broaden it, and to substitute for the late Sir Charles Hawtrey, whom one did not expect to see playing a pirate, Mr. Bobby Howes,

SCOTT OF ABBOTSFORD: David Horne (right) as James Ballantyne and William Heughan (left), who plays the name part in the life story of the great novelist at the Little Theatre. He is a native of Kircudbrightshire

CYNARA SUCCESSFULLY ADAPTED TO THE SCREEN: Hollywood made a wise choice in selecting Ronald Colman for the leading rôle in the screen adaptation of the play, *Cynara*. He is seen here facing the Coroner's Court after the suicide of his lover. The coroner plies him with questions which, if answered, would discredit the dead girl. He remains silent and is bitterly condemned for his irresponsibility

A Brilliant First Act in "This Inconstancy," followed by Tediously Farcical Complications—Gertrude Lawrence at the Top of Her Most Sophisticated Form : Scott's Life Dramatized : Bobby Howes in an Adaptation of "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure"

who may be expected to play any part from Parsifal to Peter Pan with infinite lovableness and on precisely the same lines, is a course of action which indicates prudence rather than courage. But why blame anybody for acting according to plan if that plan proved so profitable?

I was not kept in continuous uproar of delight by *He Wanted Adventure*, which wanted pruning and a rather better opening, for it was a long time before we got down to the fun. That it will run as long as its predecessors and possibly longer there is no reason to doubt.

It was not solely the absence of Hawtrey or the Hawtrey style that knocked out the real point of Mr. Hackett's original fantasy. Had the contrast between a humdrum English home in 1933 and the Spanish Main in 1733 been more carefully emphasized, there would have been less need to concentrate on musical and terpsichorean doings. Nor would Mr. Howes have had to skip about quite so much. But it must be admitted that most of the skipping was pleasant to watch.

The story of crooks disguised as political refugees and Oriental seers, of the finding of a pirate's chart in a secret panel and the dream of the owner of the house that he is his ancestor, sailing beneath the skull-and-crossbones mid fearful oaths and unbelievable lechery, was rather swamped by the songs. They are good songs, of no great originality, but well-balanced and well-served. But they were not too happily placed, many of them being dragged in for no apparent reason.

Only a rousing pirate ditty, sung in true swashbuckling style by Mr. Raymond Newell, and a song for a comically dismal scout-master, and his troop of very unboyish boy scouts seemed to fit. The grand operatic touches, however, gave Miss Marie Burke a chance to show what a really fine singer she is. She can also act, and her switch from the broken English of the alluring foreign adventuress to sheer Mile End Road was cleverly done.

It is unlikely that Sir Walter Scott would have been able to pay off his £130,000 worth of debts by writing such a play as *Scott of Abbotsford*, the latest production of the "People's National Theatre" at the Little Theatre. Here is sincerity, but sincerity, frankly, does not do the trick.

Only the devotion of loyal Scots to the memory of a great man is likely to keep for very long this piece at what I suppose should for the nonce be called the Wee Theatre. Pipers marched on the opening night up and down the bonnie, bonnie banks o' the Adelphi, and an orchestra played some nice tunes from over the Border. Miss Nancy Price, with her usual conscientiousness, has worked hard to produce the play well; she is to be congratulated on her part of the work. I could not have wished for a cleverer cast. But the play cannot be said to have started at all, and it might have ended at any moment.

The authoress, Miss Gunn, writes charmingly when she does not attempt a strain of theatrical pomposity which, unfortunately, she was apt at times to put into the mouth of her principal figure.

THIS INCONSTANCY, A DUAL EFFORT: Following the long and successful run of *Service*, Roland Pertwee's and John Hastings Turner's *This Inconstancy* has been put on at Wyndham's Theatre. Gertrude Lawrence, Leslie Banks, and Hugh Wakefield, who are seen in this picture, all have their separate admirers, and, in spite of somewhat indifferent criticisms of the play, are drawing large audiences

Miss Judy Gunn, the blonde *ingénue* (Miss Marion Lorne originally played the part and on very different lines), has a most pleasant personality and pretty little voice, and—rare discovery—a way of talking English that does not give the impression that a little time ago she spoke very differently. For refinement in its most dreaded form is again a raging epidemic on the English stage, which, on the distaff side, is now largely prunes, prisms, and peroxide. Brunettes are usually less ambitious socially—a problem which might afford fruitful discussion for a Sunday night debating society.

The chorus sang really well and Mr. Sofaer was so good.

She has made two serious mistakes—one being that she does not string together a succession of unrelated episodes into anything like dramatic sequence, and the other that she assumes too much knowledge on the part of her audience. The average playgoer knows the names of the Waverley novels even if he has not read them; he knows that Scott was a lovable man, none the less lovable for the fact that he occasionally took too much to drink; and he knows that he was passionately devoted to his house, Abbotsford, and that he got into financial difficulties, from which, being the soul of honour, he managed to extricate himself.

But he has not sufficient knowledge to see the point of Miss Gunn's little "snippets" from the great man's life, and to see drama as they are here presented.

SOPHISTICATION AT WYNDHAM'S: Gertrude Lawrence, who plays the leading feminine rôle in *This Inconstancy*. She interprets a difficult part with the blend of personal charm and waggery for which she is famous. She wears some delightful dresses

JOAN CRAWFORD, whose temporary separation from her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, Junr., has caused a sensation in the film world. She has received high praise for her dramatic acting in the recent screen version of *Rain*

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

A series of gaps in a row of my bookcase suggested that the time was due for my annual spring audit of copies lent and not returned. Last year I entered a vow that I would keep a list of all books lent, with name, date, and title, but like all good resolutions it lapsed after the first fortnight. But this year's casualties are so heavy that I feel like closing down my "lending library." According to the gaps, I have eighty-four books missing! These gaps set me speculating upon the nature of my friends. I do not mean that I am charging them with dishonesty. Books, like umbrellas, are taken but never stolen. I find myself wondering who is my learned friend, certainly not a lawyer, who borrowed the two central volumes of a set of Evans's work on his Cretan Excavations. Was he an archæologist? They were two large, heavy books. I distinctly remember the urgent plea with which they were borrowed, but I have no memory of the person who borrowed them.

One book I suppose I shall never see again, and its loss is associated with a tragedy. A visiting American, my guest for a week-end, borrowed a copy of *Shakespeare's England*, which he wished to finish in London. He promised to return it in a few days. Some months ago I wrote to him in New York, asking for the borrowed volume. A reply came from his brother to the effect that the unhappy borrower had jumped off a liner at midnight in mid-Atlantic, worried by his losses in the Wall Street crash. At the time of his visit he was so enchanted with Shakespeare's England, the countryside, not the book, that he talked of buying a Warwickshire house and settling there for life. Unfortunately he went back to Wall Street and lost the fortune he had made.

I shall not be distressed if someone borrows, and fails to return, *Dreiser and the Land of the Free*, by Dorothy Dudley (Wishart. 15s.). This is a large book of 500 pages centred round Theodore Dreiser, the novelist. Mr. H. G. Wells wrote to the author, after reading the American edition, "It really is what it purports to be, the picture of the literary side of an age, done with art and keen understanding." With all due respect to Mr. Wells's opinion I cannot find what this hotpotch is all about. The style is execrable, and the book is written throughout in what I suppose is American-ese. Thus the opening sentence—"The germ of this story had origin in a mood of love of country that would celebrate every American quickened by savagery." At great length Miss Dudley proceeds to paraphrase Dreiser's books. Whole chapters of his own account of his life appear redressed, but with no new facts. Dreiser writes at immense length, but under his laboured style, his tremendously long sentences, and elephantine approach to an idea, there is something that finally rewards the reader. Miss Dudley's book leads nowhere, very ponderously. It is a wilderness of words, stretching out into the literatures of America and Europe, and nowhere is there an oasis in which the mind can rest. Few would deny that Dreiser is a man of genius, but the high seriousness with which he is approached in this book, the attempt to spin out an involved philosophy from the most commonplace facts of his work, come nigh to absurdity. Dreiser might well exclaim, "Save me from my disciples." As an essay in chaos this book has its merits.

Miss Vicki Baum is justified in taking a holiday, and this is what she has done in *Martin's Summer* (Bles. 7s. 6d.). It cannot take rank with the quartette of novels which has preceded this book. *Martin's Summer* is a light, undistinguished story such as any competent novelist can evolve. Young Martin Heil, an out-of-work engineer, arrives at the holiday resort of Frauensee, in the Austrian Tyrol. He has nothing but a cardboard box with a few articles of clothing, but he has a magnificent physique, and has been engaged by a local hotel proprietor as a swimming instructor at his lakeside establishment. The bargain has been a hard one, on a commission basis, and since the weather is often bad and the patrons fade away, young Martin Heil often starves in the little hut which is his home. Across the lake there is a small child called Puck, with whom he makes friends. There are also two sisters, twins, with one of whom young Martin falls in love. There is also an invention of Martin's, which is bought just at the end of the story. It makes him rich and acceptable to the girl's father. And that's that.

In the hands of anyone but Vicki Baum it would be drivel. She just escapes this charge because of her deft touch. Other young men have been handsome and strong, desired of women, and vainly in love. They have become rich in the last chapter, and have effected a "fade out," with the desired one in their arms. That kind of story can be found in any cinema just round the corner. I am sorry Miss Baum should have bothered with such obvious material, but I suspect this is an early story which has been resurrected. Even so, it has charm, it holds the interest, and here and there one is rewarded with Vicki Baum touches.

THE DARK INVADER: Captain von Rintelen, the former chief of the German Secret Service, visits the House of Lords to inquire about gaining admission. A question has been asked in Parliament regarding the admissibility of his remaining in this country. Captain Rintelen has recently come into prominence through Messrs. Lovat Dickson's publication of his book, *The Dark Invader*, the War-time reminiscences of this German Naval Intelligence officer

As a publisher of German thrillers Mr. Bles has already shown that he has a particular flair. Here he comes again with a really excellent thriller, *Contagion to this World*, by Fedor Kaul (Bles. 7s. 6d.). It is the story of a young doctor, Ernst Hagon, a hunchback, deformed and hideous. He has a passion to be loved, and suffers nothing but repulses.

They create in him a bitter feeling towards humanity and there comes to him a means of revenge, terrible and overwhelming. In the course of his chemical experiments a retort bursts and he is scalded severely. When he emerges from hospital he has lost his left hand and his face is hideous. More than ever he is a pariah. But his experiments have given him a unique means of revenge. He has discovered that loss of memory can be produced by a bacillus working in the association-areas of the brain. He succeeds in isolating this bacillus, whereby he can destroy memory. This makes him the master of the world, which he can throw out of organization. He proceeds on his fell work. Destruction spreads across sea, land, and air. Cities are wiped out. The world is in chaos. Herr Kaul works out his extraordinary idea with singular power. This story is a scientific nightmare and I do not recommend it to anyone with weak nerves. As a thriller it stands in the first rank.

Heroic Symphony, by Nora Kennedy (Nicholson and Watson. 7s. 6d.), is a first novel, but it shows no amateur touch. The trouble with this story is that Miss Kennedy has drawn her chief character too hard. I cannot believe that such a selfish beast as Herr Rutther, the pianist-composer, would succeed so easily in making victims of his adoring women. He makes the charming and young Countess von Leurermacher climb innumerable stairs to his studio, he takes the money and the hospitality of the odious, rich Baroness Gerstein, he ignores and reduces to the status of housekeeper his devoted wife, whom he deserts without the slightest hesitation. He ignores and represses his son, a child who badly wanted spanking. The novel suffers, too, from Miss Kennedy's determination to make it Bohemian. She ignores the elementary law of sequence, and jumps from Vienna to Como, Como to Westminster, and back to Como, changing

BOOKS TO READ

LIGHT ON THE DARK CONTINENT, by Carveth Wells (Jarrolds. 16s.).

HOT AIR IN COLD BLOOD, by Brig.-General Guy Livingston (Selwyn and Blunt. 18s.).

SHELL-BACKS AND BEACHCOMBERS, by S. Bradford (Skeffington. 18s.).

THE ART OF SAILING, by Major-General Bamfield (Witherby. 10s. 6d.).

CHAYTOR'S, by Adrian Alington (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.).

THE DEATH SHIP, by Harry Edmonds (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.).

STORIES OF BASLE, BERNE, AND ZURICH, by M. D. Hottinger (Dent. 5s. 6d.).

Books, Like Umbrellas, that are Taken but Never Stolen : An Essay in Chaos about Mr. Dreiser : Miss Vicki Baum takes a Holiday in "Martin's Summer" : Sir Harry Luke's Ramble Down the By-roads of History

places and characters as the mood moves her. She seems to delight in making all her characters, except Sophie, ruthless. Rutther is permitted to be a complete cad because he plays the piano divinely. One might continue to complain of Miss Kennedy's inhumanity. But there is much else. She can etch a scene vividly. She can create character. She has a weakness for the fantastic which needs controlling, and all her action is kinematic. There is power and surprise and suspense. There is a talent here which, nursed carefully, may achieve anything. For those who like the cosmopolitan novel, with bizarre foreigners, baronesses, counts, men of genius, low life and high life in great capitals and lovely villas, this is the book.

Sir Harry Luke's book, *In the Margin of History* (Lovat Dickson. 12s. 6d.), is a ramble down the by-roads of history. His eye is attracted by the queer, the singular, and the preposterous. It is difficult to sit at home after reading these pages. He has a love for the odd little Ruritanian States where one may become king overnight. The number of persons who have done this in life and made fiction feeble in comparison is surprising. There was M. Chaton, who discovered on the map that the region of Counani, to the south-west of French Guiana, belonged to no one. He made himself President, but lost his dominion in a game of cards with a M. Cartier, who thereby became second President. Later a M. Gros became President. He set up a Ministry in the Rue du Louvre, invented an Order of Chivalry, which he sold at a price. In the end he was spirited away. There was also M. Jacques Lebaudy, the self-appointed Emperor of the Sahara. This impostor had quite a long reign. In 1903 he kept his Court in London, where he announced that he was to be addressed as His Majesty and that his official seat was the Imperial Palace of Troja. He played a high hand until bankruptcy overtook him. As recently as 1921 this king-making game has gone on. There is a Proclamation, signed and dated from Bordighera, declaring that King Louis I was elected and declared hereditary King of Transcaucasia-Vitanvali, and the independence of this kingdom was notified to the League of Nations. There was trouble in the kingdom, however, for the decree runs—"We repudiate the Grand Duchess of Maikop, Clementine Faroppa, whom we had thought worthy to be raised to this title as Royal fiancée, but now recognizing as undeserving of Our confidence and of reigning at Our side." It seems she had deceived Prince Molchanoff Kazyne-Bek, "having been deceived by her wily hypocrisy and her lack of heart. Let all Russians be reassured: she is nothing more and will never again be anything more to Us." Poor Duchess of Maikop!

Sir Harry Luke next turns to the genuine small States. There are San Marino, Andorra, Monaco, Vatican City, Liechtenstein, Moresnet, Luxembourg, and the vanished republics of Ragusa and Poljica. Each of these places reeks of romance. They are freaks of freedom. The most charming is probably the Principality of Liechtenstein, an Alpine Arcadia, ruled over by a long line of happy princes. Its capital has 1,200 inhabitants, its rulers are wealthy, and place their resources at the disposal of their people. Taxation is light and the cost of living is low. It is enough to make the most stay-at-home person run round to Cook's.

Mr. E. F. Benson has written so many novels that he now avoids giving a list of them. The surprising thing is that he can still write with such freshness. But how he has changed his moral values in keeping touch with the march of the times! Once, with the utmost caution, and after 300 pages of moral unrest, he would allow, very occasionally, his hero to misbehave himself and be a "bit of a lad." Gone is that caution, that nice sense of behaviour. *Travail of Gold* (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.) starts straight off the morning after the night before. Golden-haired Christopher Merivale has had an unofficial honeymoon with dark-haired Nancy Cornish, the actress. It is nothing to make a fuss about. Nancy is not even surprised at herself.

Everybody's doing it, she reflects. Christopher was in a bank, with a salary of three hundred a year and an allowance of two hundred from a mother-in-law who hated him. He gave up the bank in order to write plays, which were certain to be a success. His only other assets were his golden hair, his square jaw, and an old Etonian tie. He came through in the Speech-day manner of O.E.'s, but he was pretty odious when fame and money made him sniff at Nancy, who subsequently won fame also. I read this make-believe patiently, not because the story interested me for a moment, but because somehow Mr. Benson button-holes you with his smooth style. He never surprises the reader, but he never lets him down.

The Rare Coloured Lithographs of Edouard de Beaumont

FLEUR ARTIFICIELLE

The lady's maid awaits her mistress's return

CAMELIA: THE FLOWER

A provocative pose in the artist's most mature style

AMOURETTE: A lady of wiles

BELLE DE NUIT: The temptress

ROSE: Of all work

During this month an exhibition of considerable interest is being held in the David Cox Room of Walker's Galleries, the attraction being a display of French coloured lithographs. We reproduce on this page some examples of the work of Edouard de Beaumont which, on account of their outstanding quality, may be said to form the nucleus of the exhibition. Beaumont, the son of a sculptor, was born in Brittany in 1821, and at the age of seventeen was actually exhibiting at the Paris Salon. As a lithographer he was a prodigious worker, and nearly every comic journal of his day appeared to employ him at various times. Beaumont's women were drawn with particular delicacy and, unlike his contemporaries, he preferred to portray the beautiful rather than the decadent. In spite of the pale tones he employed his work lacked nothing in virility, while his sense of harmonious balance distinguishes him as a craftsman whose art cannot fail to be enduring. The only pity is that the ephemeral form in which many of his lithographs were published has led to the loss of some of his greatest masterpieces.

THE LIFE-BELT OF THE AIR

HANGING BY A THREAD

A parachutist, taken at 2,000 ft. up, enters a cloud-bank during his descent

THE FIRST PLUNGE

Mr. John Tranum, who has made a delayed jump of over 4 500 ft. without opening his parachute, practises over Heston Aerodrome

DROPPING THROUGH THE AIR

A United States Army flyer makes a spectacular descent. His parachute is seen about to open out

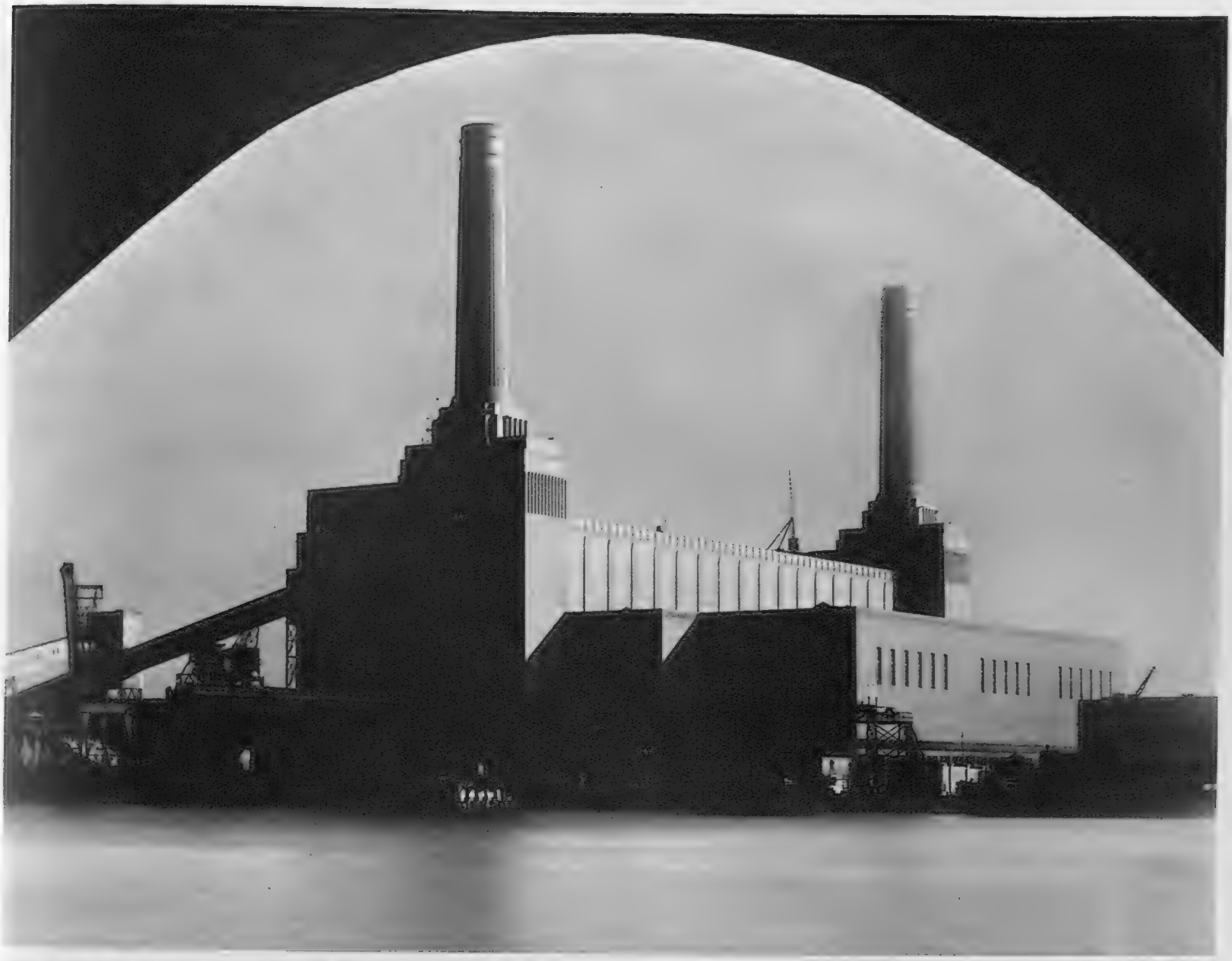
WORN IN FRONT

The apparatus worn by Mr. John Tranum for his famous "delayed jumps"

A parachutist disentangles himself after an indifferent landing perilously near a spiked fence at Heston Air Park

The final stage of approaching the ground. This actual drop was made from a very small height. The parachutist is, however, landing nicely on open ground

It is a remarkable tribute to the common-sense caution of those who are responsible for the development of commercial aviation that the toll of accidents should have been so infinitesimal compared with the number of passengers carried as it has. Hourly men are working on safety-first improvements to make the air the most secure of all modes of rapid transportation. The parachute is clearly an outstanding factor for safety in the air, but up to the present it has been deemed advisable, in the interests of public confidence, not to install apparatus on most civil aircraft. The Prince of Wales, however, has in his new 'plane an arrangement which may yet be adopted generally. Here the parachutes are carried in the roof of the 'plane, and with the release of a spring can be made to fall into the passenger's lap, while a special belt allows of them being put on in a few seconds. The windows of the 'plane can in an emergency be used as exits, the glass being detachable from the frame. It is thought that with the inclusion of a few improvements this method will come into general use. Its potentialities are clearly enormous.



PERSEPOLIS IN LONDON

The Giant Power Station at Battersea

Above—
A striking view across the Thames of the new Battersea Power Station, the giant building designed under the supervision of Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, who acted as consulting architect. The engineer-in-chief was Dr. S. L. Pearce, C.B.E. This picture was taken by the infra-red process from the Middlesex end of Chelsea Bridge. The tawny colour of the brickwork and the sheer outline of the two columnar chimneys arrest the eye

Left—
The massive outlines of Brettenham House give an impression of almost Babylonian immensity when contrasted with the surrounding buildings. These new office buildings occupy the site of the old Lancaster Terrace and dominate the view on both sides of the river near Waterloo Bridge. The architects were Messrs. William and Edward Hunt of Norfolk Street, Strand

Scaioni Studios

SCARVES and BOWS

Above—

As dresses grow plainer scarves and buttons become more exuberant. In some instances the former grow to absolutely unmanageable proportions, while the latter are the size of coffee cups! Konski avoids such extremes in this day frock of Italian blue angora cloth, with a scarf and cuff trimming of warm beige ondulé. Its essential simplicity is typical of all that is best in the new mode

Above on right—

Every hat has its bow, though whether it is as masculine as a man's dress tie, or as feminine as muslin and lace can make it depends entirely on the choice of its wearer. On the Walpole hat above it is of turquoise blue silk petersham ribbon, which looks most effective against the lustrous black pedal straw. A final touch of coquetry is achieved by the crinoline brim veil, which is unexpectedly piquant

On right—

A circular buckle of embossed silver provides the sole touch of relief on this Linlaw model. Made in Rodier's Plumilac in a subtle shade of green, it has an attractive air of quiet dignity. The novel cross-over corsage ties at the neck, the long ends looking very like a scarf. Sleeves with the fullness gathered just below the elbow are in marked contrast with the slender skirt

AS . DEPENDABLE . AS . AN . AUSTIN

"So you've bought a new car?"

"No—I've invested in an Austin!"

"You've been reading the advertisements."

"But I haven't."

"Oh, yes—'buying a car, but investing in an Austin'—don't say you haven't."

"No, I haven't. I simply took the advice of a man I know. He's had his Austin five years if a day. And he says it cost him a third less than he thought he'd paid for it."

"Sorry, I'm dull. Say it again."

"Well, he said, *'you don't know what a car really costs till you've had it quite a time.'* He works it out like this—'Maintenance, repairs and so on have only cost me such and such an amount. And when I come to sell it again, I'll get such and such an amount more than I would if I'd bought any other car but an Austin—even if I wait another year.' The result of his sum gives him the actual cost of his car. He reckons he's spent so little on that Austin, and Austins re-sell so easily and well, that it's the best investment of all his born days. I'm giving him a vote of thanks, and investing likewise!"

THE LIGHT TWELVE-FOUR DE LUXE SALOON

- *A spacious 4-5 seater. Selected hide upholstery.*
- *Pytchley sliding roof.*
- *4-speed Twin-Top gearbox.*
- *11.9 h.p. 4-cylinder engine developing 24 b.h.p. Engine insulation at three points by rubber bushes.*
- *Semi-elliptic springing, zinc interleaved. Silentbloc shackles. Hydraulic shock absorbers.*
- *12-volt electric lighting and starting.*
- *Triplex glass throughout, chromium finish, Dunlop tyres.*
- *Price at works* £198
  With fixed roof £178
  Open Road Tourer £168
  Two-Seater - - £168

READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE: 4d. every month.

YOU BUY A CAR BUT YOU INVEST IN AN

AUSTIN

The Austin Motor Company Limited - - - - - - - - - - - - - Birmingham and 479, Oxford Street, London
London Service Depots - - - - - - 12, 16 & 20 h.p., Holland Park, W.11 - - - - - 7 & 10 h.p., North Road, W.1

FRANCE'S COSMOPOLITAN UNIVERSITY CITY

(*Continued from p. 57*)

many streamers. Next to it is the house of Indo-Chinese students, a brown and white tropical building, with gables and many Chinese motifs.

The startling contrast of these two edifices is typical of the whole Cité. The latest additions are the Cuban House and Hellenic Foundation, just at the back of the Dutch College. The Maison de Cuba is conceived in Spanish colonial style, while the Greek building, as might be supposed, is modelled on a Greek temple.

On the other side of the Dutch building is the House of Armenian students—a grey, compact building, ecclesiastical and very Near Eastern in style. Connected with it is the flamboyant red and yellow brick building of the House of the Provinces of France.

And so the procession goes—the grey stucco building of the Canadian Foundation, the green and pink and very summery edifice of the Argentinians, the dull red brick of the American Foundation, the largest of them all, and—the last of the row on the main Boulevard Jourdan—the Belgian House, a rambling, red and white brick building.

Then one turns the corner and comes upon another group—the dark grey, provincial National Institute of Agronomy, the white stone Spanish College; the Japanese Foundation, modelled in every outer detail on a Japanese house. Opposite is the severe little schoolhouse building of Sweden, and next to it the plain, grey, block-like edifice of the Danes. Last, but not least, comes the breath-taking ultra-modernistic Swiss foundation of the famous French architect, Le Corbusier.

The most important group of buildings is hardly begun yet. Mr. Rockefeller has given £3,500,000 for three edifices which will contain the Administrative and Medical Services and such things as a great restaurant, library, gymnasium, assembly hall, and ballroom.

Two buildings which are still in architectural plans are the Fondation de Monaco, and the Franco-British College, for which an Englishwoman, Mrs. Helen Nathan, has given a large sum.

Despite the fact that the Cité is really not yet half completed, enough is ready to put nearly 2,000 rooms at the disposal of students. Most of the buildings are for young men only, but the American and Deutsch de la Meurthe foundations make provisions for housing young women. The only requirement, aside from a modest charge ranging between 200 and 400 francs monthly, is that the occupant be a student regularly enrolled in the University of Paris or another institution of higher education in Paris.

THE BRITISH ARMY IN 1933

(*Continued from p. 53*)

The clue, of course, is easily found. The key-word is "wastage." Other authorities, less blunt, might call it by a less frank word. The Army calls every man dismissed for ill-health a loss. "Wastage." Simply that.

Wastage in the Army is less than it has ever been. Illness is an unofficial crime in the new military code. The number of men who, after an expensive education and training, are considered as dead losses to the State and dismissed, are less than ever before—less, indeed, than were estimated. The reasons for this greatest of all economies are two; first, the examination for the Army is far stiffer. In the old days the recruiting sergeant would take one look at a stalwart applicant for the 1s. and, after a cursory examination, he would find himself in uniform. To-day the most rigorous tests are applied before he passes even the first health barrier.

Secondly, scientific methods and feeding work wonders with the stamina of recruits before they ever enter the ranks. For three months they are being physically trained, almost before they know the meaning of the dread word, "Hype!" And the figures show that the average increase in weight, even during a period of vigorous exercise, is 9 lb. Thus is the economy pill sugared for the soldier. He expected short rations. But the taxpayers' money is being saved out of doctors' bills, that most expensive item—wastage.

ONE MONTH OF HISTORY

(*Continued from p. 42*)

destroyed or damaged 7,500 buildings, and involved a loss of 50,000,000 dollars in property. The worst disaster was to the wealthy residential district of Long Beach, near Los Angeles. Fire brigades worked for days in putting out the flames. Army, navy, and Red Cross co-operated in rushing food and clothing to the homeless, and 4,000 soldiers and marines patrolled the streets to prevent panic and deal with looting.

A British air liner, *The City of Liverpool*, crashed near Dixmude (on the site of a Flanders battlefield) while flying from Cologne to Brussels. Fifteen people—twelve passengers and three crew—went to their violent death in flames. Cause of accident, unknown. The Imperial Airways service to Paris next morning was filled to capacity. It was the company's first fatal disaster to public passengers in two-and-a-half years, during which it had flown 99,000 passengers over 4,000,000 miles.

COURT-MARTIAL AND MARIE LOUISE.—The "news-girl of the month," vaguely described as "about twenty-two, five foot six in height, fair, with blue eyes and a good figure," was neither seen by nor photographed for the public. She was "Marie Louise, of Berlin."

A Court-Martial, presided over by a major-general, with an array of counsel and War Office witnesses, discussed for a week this fair unknown in relation to a young officer, Lieutenant Norman Baillie-Stewart, subaltern in the Seaforth Highlanders, charged with offences under the Official Secrets Act. It was alleged that he collected, or attempted to collect, information useful to an enemy; and that he communicated, or attempted to communicate, information which might be useful to an enemy. There were ten charges in all.

The tales told in court left newspaper readers open-mouthed with interest in their exciting details—an August holiday in Germany, an alleged meeting with "Marie Louise," glamorous nights by the Wannsee and in dance halls, with the mysterious Otto Waldemar Obst as go-between; week-end trips to Holland; the receipt of £50 and another £40 in English ten pound and five pound notes; mysterious jottings on scraps of paper, letters signed by pseudonyms.

The accused officer, admitting to receiving moneys from "Marie Louise," explained them in entirely different ways. He had been introduced to "Marie Louise" by Obst, who had spoken to him casually, in a Berlin restaurant. He had seen "Marie Louise" almost every day during his three weeks' holiday in Berlin. They had danced and dined together, and intimacy had occurred by the shores of the Wannsee. She had financed most of their outings. He was, in fact, her paramour. The money was "for services rendered" by him in this capacity and not for imparting information.

What was "Marie Louise" like? The accused said he was not very good at describing people. He took everything about her very much for granted. "I saw no reason why I should look a gift horse in the mouth," he said.

"This officer's life is ruined, whatever the result may be, and he knows it," said Mr. Norman Parkes in his speech for the defence. It was a case of an officer strenuously denying the charge of "selling his country," while admitting to the lesser "crime," in the eyes of the masculine world of military life, of living on a woman's money. The accused was found not guilty on three of the ten charges, and it was announced that the findings of the Court-Martial on the remaining seven would be promulgated in due course.

Find your Ideal Home "at the Foot of the Rainbow"

NOW OPEN 10 A.M. TO 10 P.M. DAILY

Daily Mail IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION

Olympia·London·W

If you would give your eye and your spirit a potent tonic —if you would step from the shadows of depression into a gay new world alive and dancing with the magic of colour and light, a world vibrant with the urge of new ideas, a world in which just round every corner there is a new adventure in the art of living—come to Olympia To-day.

Here awaits you an Ideal Home Exhibition more spectacular, more colourful, more compelling than ever before.

The special features listed on the right can give you no more than a hint of the thousand-and-one interests of Britain's most fascinating exhibition.

RAINBOW CITY
•
GARDENS FROM GREAT PLAYS
•
THE SKYSCRAPER FLAT OF 1950
•
THE BRANGWYN PANELS
•
VILLAGE OF IDEAL HOMES
•
ROOMS OF THE SCIENTISTS
•
IDEAL DINNER PARTIES
•
COMMONSENSE KITCHENS
•
THE PAGEANT OF FASHION
•
ALFREDO'S GIPSY ORCHESTRA

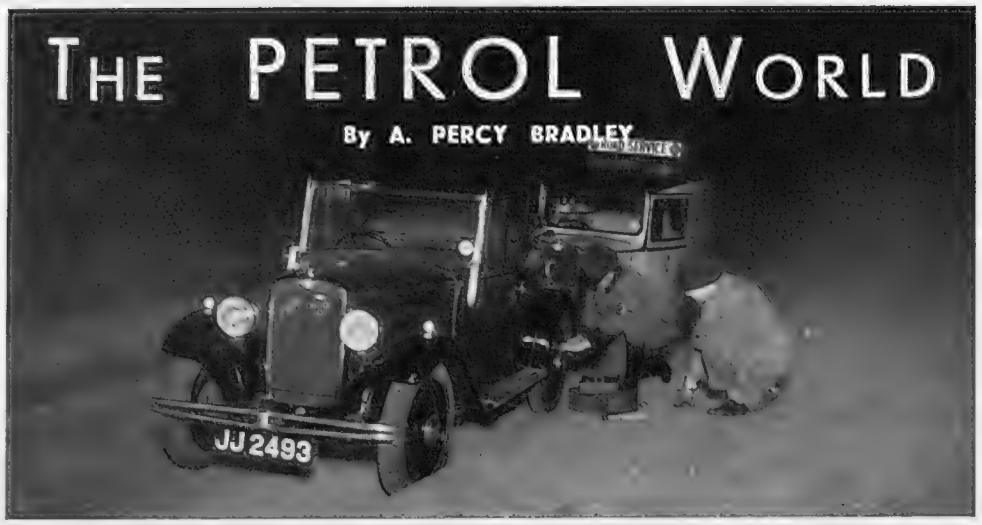
Furnishing, Heating, Lighting, Domestic Science, Food and Cookery, Recreation, Travel, Health and Beauty, Fabrics and Fashions, Home Cinema Section, etc., etc.

COME TO OLYMPIA TO-DAY!

ADMISSION 2/4 (Inc. Tax) After 6 p.m. 1/2 (Inc. Tax)

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY



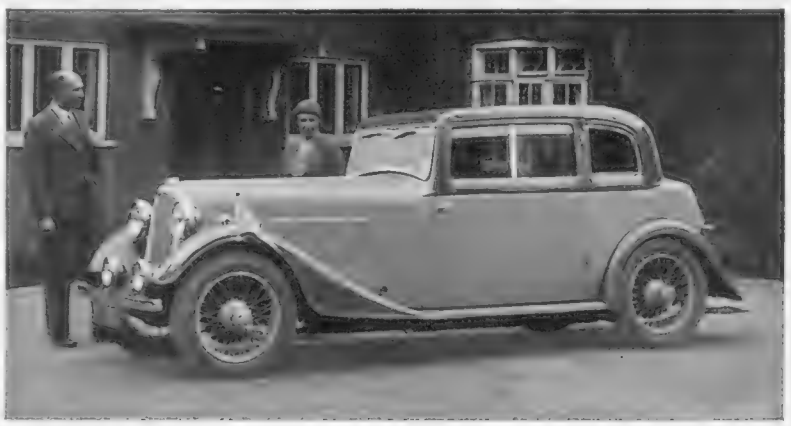
FIRST AID FOR THE CAR: One of the Automobile Association's new night road service vans helping a stranded motorist. These vans are specially equipped for rendering complete mechanical "first aid"

THE IMPORTANCE OF RALLIES. — Although the Hastings Rally is now just an incident in motoring history there are one or two matters connected with it which I think are of sufficient interest to warrant discussion. First of all, I think we must all recognize that these rallies and coachwork competitions are doing really useful work in developing motor car design. As an official on one day my particular job was to stand on a line painted on the road and the competitors were instructed to start on another line a 100 yards away, drive as fast as they could towards me, put on their brakes, and straddle their car across my particular line. When I woke up in the morning and found the weather at its worst I began to think that my little job of work was not going to be too safe. I had visions of cars sliding all round me out of control, but when the tests had been going for about one hour I found that my fears were quite unwarranted. The road was distinctly slippery, yet there was only one case out of 300 where the car deviated from its set course by any appreciable amount. Brakes were stood on and the surface was in quite good form for skidding. I was also impressed with the efficiency of the average brakes to-day. For many years I have been agitating in "In the Petrol World" for manufacturers to devote more attention to brake design. Whether they have paid any heed to my remarks I cannot say, but there is no getting away from the fact that brake design in 1933 is really better.

SOME USEFUL GADGETS.—Whilst judging in the Coachwork Competition I had one or two extras brought to my notice which deserve mention. First of all I came across a windscreen wiper with a wiping arm inside as well as outside. Times without number I have suggested that the perfect windscreen wiper must have two blades arranged in this way, and I am glad to be able to record that at last someone has displayed a certain amount of common sense in producing such a wiper. The second accessory that caught my eye was a perfectly normal, straight thermometer placed on the outside of the windscreen next to the supporting upright on the driver's side. In these days when we have gauges which tell us the temperature of the cooling water, of the oil, of the gear-box, etc., it is very necessary, and extremely interesting, to know the temperature of the atmosphere, for that obviously affects all the other readings. This particular accessory has not yet been made commercially, and the one that I saw at Hastings had been made by the owner himself at the suggestion of Mr. L. F. Dyer, the secretary of the Junior Car Club.

Another little pet grouse of mine has always been that on dry days, when the roads are wet, the ordinary windscreen wiper is worse than useless. In the past I have advocated that there should be some means of sprinkling the screen with water whilst the wiping arm went too and fro. The last time I referred to this want I had a communication from a manufacturer who told me that a moistening apparatus such as I suggested really existed, and in proof of this statement he forwarded one complete outfit. In its essentials this consisted of a small glass water tank, well protected, and a rubber bulb which when squeezed produced a kind of scent spray above the windscreen wiper. This works very well, and I saw at least two of these at the Rally. There was also a development of the idea which consisted in a small steel sparklet syphon to which was connected suitable tubing terminating above the wiper. The driver merely had to depress the lever on the syphon whenever he wished to moisten the screen.

Until I went to Hastings I never realized before how difficult it is to-day to identify quite a number of motor cars. There is a tendency, spreading very rapidly, to make all radiators very similar in shape, and another development which prevents easy identification is that of specialized bodies which are fitted to various makes of chassis, with the result that an 8-h.p. Ford, an M.G., and a Wolseley Hornet can all look remarkably similar from the back. I think that the present craze for specialized coachwork usually of the sports type is having a very good effect on the maker's standard design. In this connection I was very much struck by the very pleasing appearance of the various new Singer models. They are so unlike the Singers of old in appearance that very few people can instantly recognize the latest products.



A PRIZE-WINNER: The Rover Speed Pilot Coupé that won the Premier Award for coach-building in Class 2 in the R.A.C. Hastings Rally. Mr. S. B. Wilks, the managing director, who drove the car, and Mrs. Wilks, who accompanied him, are seen above

A DIFFICULT TEST.—Owing to my duties on the sea-front I was unable to see the stop-and-restarting test on the hill of 1 in 6. As a matter of fact my private opinion is that the gradient was actually more severe than was described. The general Press have deplored the poor standard of driving shown during this test. I wonder how many pressmen could put up a really good showing in this particular test. In my opinion it is no easy matter to start at the foot of a hill, such as this was, drive as quickly as possible to another line, stop dead, restart, and accelerate to the top. Unless the driver has practised on a similar hill the chances are that he will not cut a very fine figure when he makes his first attempt and, if this is to take place in front of a considerable crowd, the chances are that nervousness will result in the driver allowing the car to run back after the stop and then probably stall the engine in his endeavours to restart. When I look through the names of the drivers in this rally I find that fully 60 per cent. are what I would call genuine amateurs, and a test such as I have described is a formidable task to set them. Those who did make a good showing deserve every credit, whilst those who failed should have our sympathy.

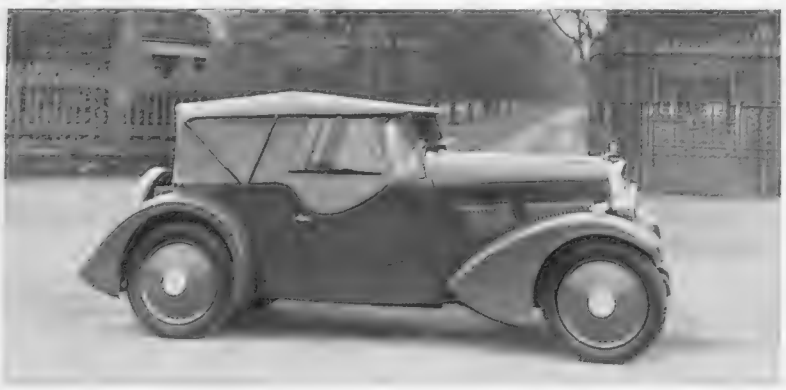
SEEING RED! — I would like to return to the subject of signals which I mentioned a week or so ago. I consider that local authorities should see that road obstructions are properly safeguarded by suitable lights at night and, where one line of traffic is essential, that someone of intelligence should be placed in charge. Only a short time ago I was proceeding up Castle Hill at Windsor at about 7 p.m. and noticed ahead a long string of red lamps which came well out into the middle of the road, and as I got abreast of them I found I was in a narrow channel with room for one line of traffic only. I was almost at the end of this channel when I found another car coming towards me in the opposite direction. We both pulled up and in a few seconds a watchman arrived and started cursing me because I had not observed two lamps stuck on a pole which were lit by candles. He seemed very annoyed and asked me if I had not seen the two red lights. I told him I had seen the lights and in addition about twenty other red ones in a line leading to his special pets. He then informed me that I should not have proceeded until these two on the post had turned green.

How any motorist was to tell sixty yards away that he should not proceed until two out of the twenty-two lamps showed green I cannot tell. About a fortnight ago near my home there was a one-way channel in the road with a bend in the middle which completely blotted out one end from the other. It is hardly credible but it is really true that there was no signalman to assist traffic on this obstructed stretch!

PERSONAL ACCIDENT RISKS.—No one runs greater risks than the passenger in a private car. If a smash occurs he has no claim against the owner unless he can prove negligent driving, and in any case would seldom have much hope of recovering whatever damages were awarded, since the ordinary insurance policy does not cover accidents to passengers and he would thus have to claim from the owner direct. The owner himself is only covered against death or total disablement, such as loss of sight or loss of a limb.

Except for a limited sum for doctor's fees he cannot recover a penny of compensation under the standard policy for temporary injuries — however serious — unless he can prove that the accident was due to someone else's negligence. The risk of personal injury is less than it was. Modern cars with rear petrol tanks are less likely to burst into flames; with triplex all round there is less danger of flying glass; and thanks to the universal adoption of steel or aluminium panelling, modern bodywork is stronger and will stand up to heavier knocks.

For quite a small additional premium the owner can obtain complete cover against personal accident risks. As little as 12s. 6d. a year entitles him to accident benefit of £7 a week. £1 a year will cover an owner and his wife, and for £2 15s. a year the owner of an ordinary four-seater light car can cover himself and his passengers against death and total or temporary disablement.



STREAM-LINE: A Lanchester "10" Special open sports car that won the first prize in its class in the R.A.C. Hastings Rally Coachwork Competition. The body is by Arthur Mulliner of Northampton. The streamlined wings lend an added impression of speed to this attractive model

THE TROPHIES WON BY ROVERS: Some of the valuable prizes won by Rover models taking part in the Hastings Rally. These cars were outstandingly successful in the many exacting tests which this Rally imposes

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Berlin.

AT the Paris Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA and EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland and Italy are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed at 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIIIe, and at 32, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W. 15, regarding German business.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES OF The Sphere

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months, including Double and Xmas Nos.	Six months, including Double Nos.	Three months, no extras.
AT HOME ...	£3 0s.10d.	£1 10s. 5d.	15s. 3d.
CANADA ...	£3 0s. 8d.	£1 10s. 4d.	15s. 2d.
ELSEWHERE ABROAD	£3 9s. 6d.	£1 14s. 9d.	17s. 5d.

ORDER FORM

TO THE PUBLISHER OF *The Sphere*,
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Please send me THE SPHERE *weekly for* _____ *months, commencing with the issue of* _____

for which I enclose _____

Name _____

Address _____

Date _____ *1933*

It may be Dry-Rot

It may be White Ant

It may be Death Watch Beetle

but whatever the cause of damage to timber the cost of the necessary repairs and renewals would have been saved by the use of

SOLIGNUM

The Wood Preservative

MADE IN EIGHTEEN DIFFERENT COLOURS IN BOTH EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR QUALITY BY SOLE MAKERS & PROPRIETORS: SOLIGNUM LTD., 205 BOROUGH HIGH ST., LONDON S.E.1.

DIEPPE—GRAND HOTEL

Facing Sea . Central Heating . Moderate Terms . Trout Fishing

Ducoudert, Proprietor.

Cuticura *Shaving Cream*

Gives a clean, cool shave, making daily shaving a comfort. It is economical, a small amount making a good lather which soothes the skin, doing away with the necessity of using lotions.

1s. 6d.

British Depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, LTD., 31, BANNER ST., LONDON, E.C.1.

SPORTING BRONZES Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend. Prices from **4 Gns.**

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, LONDON, W. 1

Live in the Open

A week-end or permanent home

This Four-Roomed Bungalow, £116

Lined throughout. Carriage paid to nearest goods station. It can be enlarged or removed with little trouble. 35 plans, illustrations and specifications of similar bungalows are given in Catalogue 993. Will you write for a copy? Virtually you can get a bungalow to any size from stock.

BOULTON & PAUL LTD., NORWICH

London Showrooms:
139, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.4
'Phone: Central 4642

See the Boulton & Paul Exhibit at Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia Stand 157, National Hall

CHARITABLE CAUSES

Worthy of Your Support

AT THE CANCER HOSPITAL: The charming gardens in Fulham Road

THE CANCER HOSPITAL

We do not apologize for drawing attention to one of the most painful and tragic aspects of life at a season when we should all prefer to think only of pleasant things. There is no reason why the Easter festival should be made gloomy by dwelling on pain and suffering; but if we wish to be free from these shadows we must certainly make sure that we have done something to disperse them. Cancer is a painful thing to think of; but the Cancer Hospital is a cheering thing.

There will be an extra and a special glow of Easter happiness, we imagine, in the heart of any man or woman who has made some little sacrifice to assist that institution in its work of healing. The Hospital has a splendid record, not only of devoted healing and nursing work, but in the vitally important service of cancer research. It has extensive (and expensive) plans for making radium treatment available to the poorest; and we heartily commend to our readers' generosity the appeal now being made. No cause is more urgent or more deserving. The address of the Cancer Hospital is Fulham Road, London, S.W.

N.S.P.C.C.

Is cruelty to children a thing of the past? Quite a number of people think so, but the reports of the N.S.P.C.C. prove that the need for such a society is as vital as ever. On an average, four little children every five minutes are being helped to happier lives. While often this cruelty is wilful, much misery is being caused to defenceless childhood by mere callous neglect and indifference, whilst poverty and ignorance are other contributory causes.

The Society's efforts to give joy instead of misery—happiness instead of degradation and ruin—have well earned for it the title of "The National Godfather." Throughout England, Wales, and Ireland, 260 "Children's Men" protect little ones' interests.

Full details of the work may be obtained from Mr. W. J. Elliott, director, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2. (Chairman, the Viscount Ullswater, G.C.B.)

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Dr. Barnardo's Homes have received 113,000 children, of whom over 30,500 have become useful citizens of the Empire overseas. The Society's many branches work ceaselessly in the task of training these destitute children to follow various trades and callings by which they can eventually earn their living. The expenses are overwhelming. Some faint idea can be gained when we are told that 24,000 meals have to be provided every day. And, as five children, on an average, are added to this great family every day, there is no slackening possible. The small sum of 10s. will feed a child for ten days, and £100 will rescue three children and maintain them for a year. For £500 a bed will be endowed for a healthy child. A brass plate will be affixed and particulars of the occupant sent to the donor. A cheque sent to the Rt. Hon. Lord Ebbisham at Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 10, Stepney Causeway, E.1, will bring immense happiness into some small life.

GREAT ORMOND STREET HOSPITAL

The Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children announce that the laying of the foundation stone in connection with their reconstructed buildings will take place in June or July next. The Hospital desire to invite ten children between the ages of seven and fourteen to be their guests at the ceremony. Every child who subscribes 1s. or who is nominated by a subscriber will have an equal chance of being invited and those who are asked will be accommodated and entertained by the Hospital. The Hospital are therefore asking voluntary collectors to assist in the scheme and would be glad if those interested would communicate with them at Great Ormond Street, W.C.1.

DR. BARNARDO'S APPEAL: Will you help fill their plates?

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Twenty thousand pounds are still urgently needed for the new *Arethusa* Training Ship to complete the cost of purchase, alterations, equipment, new shore frontage, etc. The old *Arethusa* Training Ship had the splendid record of training 10,000 poor boys for the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine. A particularly earnest appeal is made to readers to send donations so that this fine work of training poor boys for the two Sea Services may be carried on. All contributions will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

One of a Family of 8,436 Boys and Girls and Babies.
25,000 meals have to be provided daily.

Please send

AN EASTER GIFT

of 10/-

to help the Homes to carry on their work among the Nation's orphan and destitute little ones.

113,300 children already admitted.

Cheques, etc., payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed, addressed Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 20 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, E.1.

Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid and Gassy Waste Matter.

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

WEIRD STORIES

A most entertaining book of Mystery and the Occult, containing more than sixty short stories of absorbing interest relating weird personal experiences, all written by responsible people in good faith.

200 PAGES IN CLOTH-BOUND COVER.

PRICE **2/6** PER COPY. (Postage 4d. extra.)

Order with Remittance to be sent to—

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LIMITED,
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

SEEKING THE SUNSHINE

—the sunshine of human happiness for thousands of unhappy little ones, victims of brutality, poverty, ignorance and neglect—such is the never-ceasing work of

THE N.S.P.C.C.

In 12 months, its 260 "Children's Men" working throughout England, Wales and Ireland have BROUGHT HAPPINESS TO 106,046 ill-treated and distressed little ones.

Will YOU help to ensure Endurable Lives for all suffering children?

Your Easter gift will be gratefully received by Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, or Director William J. Elliott, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2. (Chairman: The Viscount Ullswater, G.C.B.)

BOYS LIKE THESE
HAVE HELPED TO BUILD THE EMPIRE

THE OLD "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP HAS BEEN CONDEMNED BY THE ADMIRALTY AS WORN OUT AND UNFIT FOR FURTHER SERVICE. 10,000 BOYS HAVE BEEN TRAINED AND SENT TO THE ROYAL NAVY AND MERCANTILE MARINE.

A NEW "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

HAS BEEN SECURED.

£20,000

STILL URGENTLY NEEDED

FOR NECESSARY COST OF PURCHASE, ALTERATIONS, EQUIPMENT, NEW SHORE FRONTAGE, ETC.

A MOST EARNEST APPEAL

IS MADE FOR IMMEDIATE DONATIONS SO THAT THE GREAT WORK OF TRAINING POOR BOYS FOR THE TWO SEA SERVICES MAY BE CARRIED ON.

THE BOYS WILL THANK YOU

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
(FOUNDED 1843)
164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2
President: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

PRINTERS' PENSION, ALMSHOUSE AND ORPHAN ASYLUM CORPORATION

The objects are the granting of Pensions and maintaining Permanent Residences for Aged and Infirm Printers and Widows; also

The Education and Maintenance of the Orphan Children of Printers.

Subscriptions or Donations will be gratefully received by

Mr. R. H. LUCAS, Secretary, 73–78, High Holborn, W.C.1

NATIONAL ADVERTISING BENEVOLENT SOCIETY
21st ANNIVERSARY.

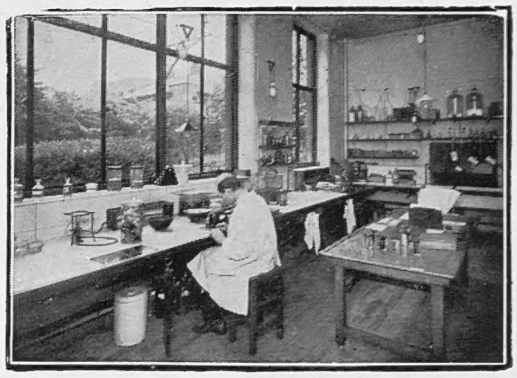
The FESTIVAL DINNER will be held at Guildhall, London (by courtesy of the Lord Mayor and Corporation), on May 5th.

H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT will propose the Toast of the Society.

SIR WILLIAM CRAWFORD, K.B.E., presiding.

Tickets 30/- each (inclusive of wines), on application to the Hon. Secretary, 13, Serjeants' Inn, London, E.C.4.

This Eastertide



A corner of one of the Research Laboratories.

Please Help TO CONQUER CANCER

The Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, London, is applying itself to the methodical and scientific investigation of the causes of Cancer, and the results of its invaluable research work are placed at the disposal of the medical practitioners of the world. Whilst carrying on this work of study and research The Cancer Hospital is contributing to the alleviation of suffering. Poor patients are admitted free, and a certain number of beds are provided for advanced cases who are kept comfortable and free from pain.

Please send a special Easter Gift to the Secretary.

The Cancer Hospital
(FREE)

(Incorporated under Royal Charter)

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.

Bankers: **Coutts & Co., 440, Strand, London, W.C. 2**

HENRY HEATH LTD
105·107·109·OXFORD ST., W.

BY APPOINTMENT BY APPOINTMENT

MODEL 4629 "SNIP" *(Regd.)*—Adaptable to any desired shape, made of finest fur-felt of the lightest possible weight, will roll for packing. *Obtainable from all Agents.* **25/-**

'I saw it in THE TATLER'

BRIDE, Bridesmaid, Mother, Sister, this week's TATLER tells you—shows you, the very things you should know. And because The TATLER features them, you may be sure they are exquisite beyond words.

The title runs "A MARRIAGE HAS BEEN ARRANGED," and then you may see and read of the loveliest of bridal dresses with train, twin bridesmaids' dresses, going away dresses, hats, an evening dress and fur coat, lingerie, wraps, shoes, bouquets, and the intimate details for the trousseau.

One nimble shilling buys this galaxy of indispensable knowledge of this season's wedding mode. There are novel new ways to wear the veil, and suggestions for presents too. You must not deny yourself the thrill of going through these delightful pages, and, of course, there is so much more in The TATLER that will interest you. Just look at that long and intriguing list on the left.

What else is in THIS *week's issue?*

Frontispiece: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES TALKING TO PRIVATE PRESTON.
THE LETTERS OF EVE.
LILIAN HARVEY PUTS ON FRILLS.
THE CINEMA: by James Agate.
RACING RAGOUT: by Guardrail.
COUNTY DOWN STAGHOUNDS.
"WITH SILENT FRIENDS": by Richard King.
ROWING CARTOON: by Bateman.
ROUND THE PLAYHOUSES: by Alan Bott
"AIR EDDIES": by Oliver Stewart.
THE CAMERA IN SOCIETY.
"PRISCILLA IN PARIS."
WHAT'S A-DOING IN FILMLAND.
"ENTERTAINMENTS A LA CARTE": by Alan Bott
POINT-TO-POINTING AT CALPE.
GOLF CARTOON:
"Shining Lights at St. George's Hill."
THE CORPS DIPLOMATIQUE: Cartoon by Autori.
THE STAFF COLLEGE POINT-TO-POINT.
"BUBBLE AND SQUEAK."
"CONCERNING GOLF": by Henry Longhurst.
THE WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS' BANQUET
STORIES: "Blue Girl" and "There goes the Bride."
"PETROL VAPOUR": Gordon Aston
THE GARTH GO RACING.
LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES.
CELEBRITIES AT THE TAUNTON RACES.
OFFICERS OF 1ST CITY OF LONDON REGT. *(Photo).*

ON SALE NOW
And Every Wednesday
ONE SHILLING.

Your regular newsagent will gladly send it to your home, or you can get it at any bookstall.

BRIDE TO BE—Bride of yesterday
DO be sure you get this week's

TATLER

For a friend overseas there is no greater joy than to receive The TATLER from home every week. Our Publisher sends it for you for six months at the following inclusive rates: Canada—£1 . 10 . 4., Elsewhere Abroad—£1 . 15 . 10. Just write The Publisher, 346, Strand, London.

Illustrated Newspapers Ltd.
333. TN 11

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2. *April* 8, 1933. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1905.

THE SPHERE'S REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

Aberdeen	The Caledonian Hotel
Aberystwyth	Hotel Victoria
Do.	Lion Royal Hotel
Do.	"Deva" Private Hotel
Alnwick	White Swan Hotel
Alton	Swan Hotel
Anglesey	Cliff Hotel, Trearddur Bay
Ashford	Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel
Aylesbury	Crown Hotel
Banbury	White Lion Hotel
Bangor (N. Wales)	Castle Hotel
Bangor (Co. Down)	Royal Hotel
Barmouth	Marine Hotel
Barnstaple	Waverley Hotel
Barrow-in-Furness	Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath	Bath Spa Hotel
Do.	Grand Pump Room Hotel
Do.	Empire Hotel
Bembridge, I.O.W.	Birdham Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed	Waterloo Hotel
Bexley, Kent	The Rising Sun Inn
Blackpool	Empire Private Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Do.	Hotel Metropole
Blairgowrie	Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Blandford, Dorset	Crown Hotel
Bognor Regis	Walton House, Walton Avenue
Do.	Gresham Hotel
Do.	Arlington Private Hotel
Boroughbridge	Three Arrows Hotel
Bournemouth	Branksome Tower Hotel
Do.	Branksome Dene Hotel
Do.	Boscombe Dene
Do.	Bourne Dene, Manor Road, East Cliff
Do.	Carlton Hotel
Do.	Cotford Hall Private Hotel
Do.	Cranborne Court Hotel, West Cliff
Do.	The Haven Hotel
Do.	Hotel Walmer
Do.	The Imperial Hotel
Do.	Marina House Private Hotel
Do.	Mandurah Private Hotel
Do.	Osborne Priory Hotel
Do.	Westminster Hall Hotel
Bowness-on-Windermere	Rigg's Crown Hotel
Box Hill	Burford Bridge Hotel
Bradford-on-Avon	Old Court Hotel
Bridge of Allan	Allan Water Hotel
Brighton	Belvidere Mansions Hotel
Do.	Hollywood Hotel
Broadway	Lygon Arms Hotel
Bromley Hill, Kent	Bromley Hill Court Hotel
Brora	Grand Hotel
Do.	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Budleigh Salterton	Rosemullion Hotel
Buxton	The Bedford Hotel
Do.	The Old Hall Hotel
Carrigart (Co. Donegal)	The Rosapenna Hotel
Catterick	The Bridge House Hotel
Chagford	Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar	Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham	Ellenborough Hotel
Do.	Plough Hotel
Do.	Pyatt's Hotel
Chester	Queen's Hotel
Cirencester	King's Head Hotel
Do.	Wellesley House Hotel
Cliftonville	Grand Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Court Hotel
Do.	Kingscliffe Hotel
Cork	Imperial Hotel
Criccieth	Caerwylan Private Hotel
Do.	Lion Hotel
Cromer	The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock	Greyhound Hotel
Dalkey (Co. Dublin)	Cliff Castle Hotel
Dawlish	Sefton Hotel
Derby	Friary Hotel
Do.	Midland Hotel
Dornoch	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Droitwich Spa	Impney Hotel
Do.	Raven Hotel
Dublin	Central Hotel
Do.	Royal Hibernian Hotel
Do.	Shelbourne Hotel
Dumfries	County Hotel
Dundee	Mather's Hotel
Dunkeld	Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Eastbourne	Grand Hotel
Do.	Southdown Hotel
Do.	The Chatsworth Hotel
Do.	York House Hotel
Edinburgh	Caledonian Hotel
Do.	Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do.	Roxburghe Hotel
Do.	Royal British Hotel
Elie	Marine Hotel
Falmouth	Falmouth Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Folkestone	Grand Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Fowey	Fowey Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Hotel
Glasgow	Central Hotel
Do.	George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street
Do.	St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles	Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork)	Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester	New Inn Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Do.	Spread Eagle
Goathland	Goathland Hydro Hotel
Golspie	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Gorleston-on-Sea	The Pier Hotel
Greenock	Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern	Hardwicke Hotel
Greystones (Co. Wicklow)	Grand Hotel
Guernsey	Richmond Hotel
Guildford	Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane	Bisset's Hotel
Halifax	White Swan Hotel
Harrogate	Cairn Hydropathic Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Granby Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Majestic Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Haslemere, Surrey	Whitwell Hatch Hotel
Hastings	Queen's Hotel
Heathfield	Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-Thames	Imperial Hotel
Hereford	Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead	Highcroft and Golfers Private Hotel
Horns Cross	Hoops Inn
Hove	Courtlands Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull	White House Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Hythe	Sutherland House Hotel
Ilfracombe	Crescent Hotel
Instow (N. Devon)	Instow Private Hotel
Inverness	Station Hotel
Kenilworth	Arden House Hotel
Keswick	County Hotel
Do.	Keswick Hotel
Do.	The Borrowdale Hotel
Do.	Skiddaw Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Do.	Royal Oak Hotel
Kew Gardens	Cumberland House Private Hotel
Kingstown (Co. Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Kingussie	Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh	Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve
Leamington Spa	Alkerton House Private Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Maisonette Private Hotel
Leeds	Queen's Hotel
Leeming Lane	Newton House Hotel
Letchworth	The People's House
Lincoln	Grand Hotel
Littlehampton	Southlands Hotel
Liverpool	Adelphi Hotel
Do.	Exchange Hotel
Do.	North Western Hotel
Llandudno	Empire Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire	Loch Awe Hotel
London	Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do.	Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C.2
Do.	Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Rd., S.W.7
Do.	Berkeley Court Hotel, 29, Leinster Gardens, W.2
Do.	Craven Hotel, Craven Street, W.C.2
Do.	Cromwell House Private Hotel, 40, Courtfield Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5
Do.	Euston Hotel, Drummond Street, N.W.1
Do.	Grafton Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1
Do.	Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.
Do.	Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn St., Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do.	Midland Grand Hotel, Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do.	New Norfolk Hotel, London Street, W.2
Do.	Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1
Do.	Rembrandt Hotel, Sth. Kensington, S.W.
Do.	Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do.	Ruskin Manor Hotel, 163, Denmark Hill, S.E.5
Do.	South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Do.	Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1
Do.	Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do.	"Trevose," 68/70, Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2
Do.	West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Do.	Wilton Hotel, Victoria, S.W.1
Lossiemouth	Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Lyme Regis	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Pitt House Hotel
Do.	Stile House Hotel
Do.	The Bay Hotel
Lytham	Clifton Hotel
Maidenhead	Skindles Hotel
Do.	Dumb Bell Hotel
Maidstone	Royal Star Hotel
Manchester	Midland Hotel
Mansfield, Notts	Midland Hotel
Matlock	Rockside Hydro
Milford-on-Sea	Kingsmede Hotel
Minehead	Kingsway Private Hotel
Moretonhampstead	Manor House Hotel
Morthoe	Watersmeet Hotel
Newnham-on-Severn	Victoria Hotel
Newquay	Atlantic Hotel
Do.	St. Rumon's Hotel
Do.	Hotel Victoria
North Berwick	Marine Hotel
Northampton	Stag's Head Hotel
Nottingham	The County Hotel
Do.	The George Hotel
Oban	Great Western Hotel
Do.	Station Hotel
Oxford	Randolph Hotel
Paignton	Paignton Palace Hotel
Do.	Paignton Hydro
Do.	Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr	Grand Hotel
Penrith	Ullswater Hotel
Perth	Station Hotel
Petersfield	Fern Bank Private Hotel
Portheawl	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Seabank Hotel
Ramsey, I.O.M.	Hotel Britannia
Reeth, Richmond	Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey)	Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks)	The King's Head Hotel
Ripon	Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Down)	Great Northern Hotel
Rumbling Bridge	Rumbling Bridge Hotel
St. Andrews	Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea	Grand Hotel
St. Ives	Tregenna Castle Hotel
St. Leonards-on-Sea	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots	Bridge Hotel
St. Neots	New Inn Hotel
Salisbury	Angel Hotel
Do.	Old George Hotel
Do.	The White Hart Hotel
Sandown, I.W.	Royal Cliff Hotel
Scarborough	Manor Private Hotel
Do.	Pavilion Hotel
Seaton	Royal Clarence Hotel
Sevenoaks	Heathfield Private Hotel
Do.	"Top o' the Hill"
Shaldon (S. Devon)	Dunmore Hotel
Shanklin	Channel View Hotel
Sheffield	Albany Hotel
Do.	Angel Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Sidmouth	Belmont Hotel
Do.	Fortfield Hotel
Do.	Torbay View Hotel
Do.	Victoria Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth	Grange Hotel
Do.	"Aberdalgie"
Southport	Prince of Wales Hotel
Do.	Parry's Waverley Hotel
Southsea	Gladstone Hotel
Do.	Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold	The Swan Hotel
Staines	Pack Horse Hotel
Stranraer	King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon	Arden Hotel
Stroud	The Bear Inn
Do.	Hillgrove Guest House, Woodchester, nr. Stroud
Sunbury-on-Thames	Sunbury Lodge
Sunderland	Palatine Hotel
Surbiton	Oakenshaw, Oak Hill
Taunton	Castle Hotel
Teignmouth	Beach Hotel
Do.	Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe	Templecombe House Hotel
Tewkesbury	The Bell Hotel
Thurlestone (S. Devon)	Rock House Private Hotel
Do.	Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay	Allerdale Hotel
Do.	Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Dartmeet Private Hotel, Belgrave Rd.
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Haldon Manor Hotel
Do.	Hotel Hennapyn
Do.	Links Htl, Babbacombe
Do.	Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do.	Osborne Hotel
Do.	Palace Hotel
Do.	Palm Court Hotel
Do.	Roslin Hall Hotel
Do.	The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do.	The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do.	Victoria & Albert Hotel
Do.	White House Hotel
Troon	Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells	Earl's Court Hotel
Do.	Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ullapool	Royal Hotel
Uxbridge	Brookfield Hotel
Ventnor	Rocklands Private Hotel, St. Lawrence
Do.	Royal Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Do.	Belmont Private Hotel
Waltham Cross	Theobalds Park Hotel
Warwick	Lord Leycester Hotel
Wellington, Som.	Shapland's Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea	Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool	Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare	Cairo Private Hotel, Ltd.
Do.	Crosby Hall Hotel
Do.	Royal Pier Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Whitby, Yorks	Kirby's Hotel
Whitley Bay	Waverley Hotel
Winchester	Talbot Hotel
Do.	Wellington House Hotel, Kingsgate
Windermere	Belsfield Hotel
Do.	Low Wood Hotel
Windsor	The Old House Hotel
Woolacombe	Whin Bay Hotel
Do.	Woolacombe Bay Hotel
Worthing	Steyne Hotel

Twenty-Seven

P&O CRUISES

13 days or longer from £12 upwards

COME CRUISING TO

CONSTANTINOPLE

by the "VICEROY of INDIA"

May 12 — 28 days

1st Class only—from 45 gns.

For Programme of 27 P & O Cruises

Call, write or phone

P & O CRUISES

14, Cockspur St., S.W.1

(*Whitehall 4444*) or

130, Leadenhall St., E.C.3,

or Australia House, W.C.2,

or LOCAL AGENTS

L.A.

Have nothing but the Best Holiday.

To get it you must go to

ARRAN

the beautiful island on the breezy Firth of Clyde. There's no finer scenery. Mountains and Moors, Rivers and Glens are Scotland at its grandest. Good tone and all sports and pastimes. Unrivalled pleasure cruising. Up-to-date accommodation. *Easily reached. L.M.S. to Ardrossan and half an hour on L.M.S. steamer. Cheap Holiday Tickets. Guide Book, post free 2d., from Publicity Secretary, Whiting Bay, Arran.*

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1s 2s & 4s

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,

7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1

The

Most Famous House . . . *for* Credit Accounts

Absolute Originators of the following Terms at Starting Price:

NO LIMIT on SINGLES, DOUBLES AND ACCUMULATORS

PLACE BETTING (FULL ODDS) on every horse, even when favourite starts odds-on

PAYING OVER TELEGRAMS IN FULL IF LOST or wrongly transmitted

ACCEPTING TELEGRAMS when handed in up to the advertised time of the race or from Racecourses up to the "off"

Douglas Stuart

is waiting to open an account with you

STUART HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2. *April* 8, 1933. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.